THE

YOUNG LADIES'

OFFERING;

OR

GEMS OF PROSE AND POETRY,

BY

MRS. L. H. SIGOURNEY;
AND OTHERS.

ILLUSTRATED WITH STEEL ENGRAVINGS.

BOSTON:
PHILLIPS & SAMPSON,
110 Washington Street.
1848.

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THE FATHER.

By L. H. Sigourney.

"Yes,—I am he,—who look'd and saw decay
Steal o'er the lov'd of earth,—the ador'd too much.—
It is a fearful thing, to love what Death may touch."

Mrs. Hemans.

I was in the full tide of a laborious and absorbing profession,—of one which imposes on intellect an unsparing discipline, but ultimately opens the avenues to wealth and fame. I pursued it, as one determined on distinction,—as one convinced that *mind* may assume a degree of omnipotence over matter and circumstance, and popular opinion. Ambition's promptings were strong within me, nor was its career unprosperous.—I had no reason to complain that its promises were deceptive, or its harvest tardy.

Yet as my path was among the competitions and asperities of men, a character combining strong elements might have been in danger of becoming indurated, had it not been softened and refined by the domestic charities. Conjugal love, early fixing on an object most amiable and beautiful, was as a fountain of living water, springing up to allay thirst, and to renovate weariness. I was anxious that my home should be the centre of intellectual and polished society, where the buddings of thought should

expand unchilled, and those social feelings which are the life-blood of existence, flow forth, unfettered by heartless ceremony.—And it was so.

But my present purpose is to delineate a single, and simple principle of our nature,—the most deep-rooted and holy,—*the love of a father for a daughter*. My province has led me to analyze mankind; and in doing this, I have sometimes thrown their affections into the crucible. And the one of which I speak, has come forth most pure, most free from drossy admixture. Even the earth that combines with it, is not like other earth. It is what the foot of a seraph might rest upon, and contract no pollution. With the love of our sons, ambition mixes its spirit, till it becomes a fiery essence. We anticipate great things for them,—we covet honors,—we goad them on in the race of glory;—if they are victors, we too proudly exult,—if vanquished, we are prostrate and in bitterness. Perhaps we detect in them the same latent perverseness, with which we have waged warfare in our own breasts, or some imbecility of purpose with which we have no affinity; and then, from the very nature of our love, an impatience is generated, which they have no power to soothe, or we to control. A father loves his son, as he loves himself,—and in all selfishness, there is a bias to disorder and pain. But his love for his daughter is different and more disinterested; possibly he believes that it is called forth by a being of a higher and better order. It is based on the integral and immu-

table principles of his nature. It recognizes the sex in hearts, and from the very gentleness and mystery of womanhood, takes that coloring and zest which romance gathers from remote antiquity. It draws nutriment from circumstances which he may not fully comprehend, from the power which she possesses to awaken his sympathies, to soften his irritability, to sublimate his aspirations;—while the support and protection which she claims in return, elevate him with a consciousness of assimilation to the ministry of those benevolent and powerful spirits, who ever "bear us up in their hands, lest we dash our foot against a stone."

I should delight longer to dwell on this development of affection, for who can have known it more perfectly in its length and breadth, in its depth and height? I had a daughter, beautiful in infancy, to whom every year added some new charm to awaken admiration, or to rivet love. To me, it was of no slight import, that she resembled her mother, and that in grace and accomplishment, she early surpassed her cotemporaries. I was desirous that her mind should be worthy of the splendid temple allotted for its habitation. I decided to render it familiar with the whole circle of the arts and sciences. I was not satisfied with the commendation of her teachers. I determined to take my seat in the sacred pavilion of intellect, and superintend what entered there. But how should one buried beneath the ponderous tomes and Sysiphean toils of jurisprudence,

gain freedom, or undivided thought, for such minute supervision? A father's love can conquer, if it cannot create. I deprived myself of sleep: I sat till the day dawned, gathering materials for the lectures that I gave her. I explored the annals of architecture and sculpture, the recesses of literature and poetry, the labyrinthine and colossal treasure-houses of history,—I entered the ancient catacombs of the illustrious dead, traversed the regions of the dim and shadowy past, with no coward step,—ransacked earth and heaven, to add one gem to her casket. At stated periods, I required her to condense, to illustrate, to combine, what I had brought her. I listened, with wonder, to her intuitive eloquence: I gazed with intense delight upon the intellect that I thus embellished,—upon the Corinthian capital that I had erected and adorned. Not a single acanthus-leaf started forth, but I cherished and fostered it with the dews of a father's blessing.

Yet while the outpoured riches of a masculine understanding were thus incorporating themselves with her softer structure, I should not have been content, unless she had also borne the palm of female grace and loveliness. Was it therefore nothing to me, that she evinced in her bloom of youth, a dignity surpassing her sex, that in symmetry she restored the image of the Medicean Venus, that amid the circles of rank and fashion, she was the model—the cynosure? Still was she saved from that vanity which would have been the destroyer of all these charms,

by the hallowed prevalence of her filial piety. It was *for my sake*, that she strove to render herself the most graceful among women,—*for my sake*, that she rejoiced in the effect of her attainments. Her gentle and just nature felt that the "husbandman who had labored, should be first partaker of the fruits." Returning from those scenes of splendor, where she was the object of every eye, the theme of every tongue, when the youthful bosom might be forgiven for inflation from the clouds of incense that had breathed upon it, to the inquiry of her mother, if she had been happy, the tender and sweet reply was, "Yes,—because I saw that my dear father was so."

Sometimes, I was conscious of gathering roughness from the continual conflict with passion and prejudice, and that the fine edge of the feelings could not ever be utterly proof against the corrosions of such an atmosphere. Then I sought my home, and called my bird of song, and listened to the warbling of her high, heaven-toned voice. The melody of that music fell upon my soul, like oil upon the troubled billows,—and all was tranquil. I wondered where my perturbations had fled, but still more, that I had ever indulged them. Sometimes, the turmoil and fluctuation of the world, threw a shade of dejection over me: then it was her pride to smooth my brow, and to restore its smile. Once, a sorrow of no common order had fallen upon me; it rankled in my breast, like a dagger's point; I came

to my house, but I shunned all its inmates. I threw myself down, in solitude, that I might wrestle alone with my fate, and subdue it; a light footstep approached, but I heeded it not. A form of beauty was on the sofa, by my side, but I regarded it not. Then my hand was softly clasped, breathed upon, —pressed to ruby lips. It was enough. I took my daughter in my arms, and my sorrow vanished. Had she essayed the hackneyed expressions of sympathy, or even the usual epithets of endearment, I might have desired her to leave my presence. Had she uttered only a single word, it would have been too much, so wounded was my spirit within me. But the deed, the very poetry of tenderness, breathing, not speaking, melted "the winter of my discontent." Ever was she endued with that most exquisite of woman's perfections, a knowledge both *when* to be silent, and *where* to speak,—and *so* to speak, that the frosts might dissolve from around the heart she loved, and its discords be tuned to harmony.

Thus was she my comforter, and in every hour of our intercourse, was my devotion to her happiness richly repaid. Was it strange that I should gaze on the work of my own hands with ineffable delight? At twilight I quickened my homeward step, with the thought of that countenance, which was both my evening and morning star; as the bird nerves her wearied wing, when she hears from the still-distant forest, the chirpings of her own nest.

I sat in the house of God, in the silence of sabbath meditation, and tears of thrilling exultation moistened my eyes. I gazed upon my glorious creature, in the stainless blossom of unfolding youth, and my whole soul overflowed with a father's pride. I said, *What more can man desire?* I challenged the whole earth to add another drop to my cup of felicity. Did I forget to give glory to the Almighty, that his decree even then went forth, to smite down my idol?

I came from engrossing toil, and found her restless, with strange fire upon her cheek. Fever had lain rankling in her veins, and they had concealed it from me. I raved. I filled my house with physicians. I charged them wildly to restore her to health and to me. It was in vain. I saw that God claimed her. His will was written upon her brow. The paleness and damps of the tomb settled upon her.

I knelt by the bed of death, and gave her back to her Creator. Amid the tears and groans of mourners, I lifted up a firm voice. A fearful courage entered into me. I seemed to rush even upon the buckler of the Eternal. I likened myself unto him who, on Mount Moria, "stretched forth his hand, and took the knife to slay his son." The whole energy of my nature armed itself for the awful conflict. I gloried in my strength to suffer. With terrible sublimity, I stood forth, as the High Priest of my smitten and astonished household. I gave the lamb in

sacrifice, with an unshrinking hand, though it was my own heart's blood, that steeped, and streamed over the altar.

It was over. She had gone. She stayed not for my embraces. She was permitted to give me no parting-token. The mind that I had adored, shrouded itself and fled. I knew that the seal upon those eyes must not be broken, till the trump of the Archangel.

Three days and nights, I sat by the dead. Beauty lingered there, in deep, and solemn, and sacred repose. I laid my head upon her pillow. I pressed my lips to hers, and their ice entered into my soul. I spoke to her of the angels, her companions. I talked long to the beautiful spirit, and methought, it answered me. Then I listened breathlessly, but "there was no voice, nor any that regarded." And still, I wept not.

The fatal day came, in which even that clay was to be no longer mine. The funeral knell, with its heavy, yet suppressed summons, came over me like the dividing of soul and body. There was a flood of weeping, when that form, once so replete with every youthful charm, so instinct with the joyous movement of the mysterious principle of life, was borne in marble stillness from its paternal halls. The eye of the mother that bore her, of the friend that had but casually beheld her, even of the poor menial that waited upon her, knew the luxury of tears. All were wet with that balm of sorrow, to overflowing—*all save mine.*

The open grave had a revolting aspect. I could not bear that the form which I had worshipped, should be left to its cold and hideous guardianship. At the hollow sound of the first falling clod, I would fain have leaped into the pit, and demanded her. But I ruled myself. I committed her to the frozen earth, without a tear. There was a tremendous majesty in such grief. I was a wonder to myself.

I returned to my desolated abode. The silence that reigned there was appalling. My spirit sank beneath it, as a stone goes down into the depths of ocean, bearing the everlasting burden of its fathomless tide. I sought the room where I had last seen her, arrayed in the vestments of the tomb. There lay the books which we had read together. Their pages bore the marks of her pencil. I covered my eyes from them, and turned away. I bowed down to inhale the fragrance of her flowers, and felt that they had no right to bloom so fair, when she, their culturer and their queen, was blighted. I pressed my fingers upon the keys of her piano, and started back at the mournful sound they made. I wandered to her own apartment. I threw myself on the couch where from infancy she had slumbered. I trusted to have wept there. But my grief was too mighty, to be thus unchained. It disdained the relief of tears. I seemed to rush as upon a drawn sword, and still it refused to pierce me.

Yet all this was when no eye saw me. In the presence of others, I was like Mount Atlas, bearing unmoved the stormy heavens upon his shoulders.

I went forth, amid the jarring competitions and perpetual strifes of men. I adjusted their opposing interests, while I despised them and their concerns. I unravelled their perplexities. I penetrated their subterfuges. I exposed their duplicity. I cut the Gordian knots of their self-conceit. I made the "crooked straight, and the rough places plain,"—with an energy that amazed them and myself. It was like that of a spirit, which has nothing to do with the flesh. I suffered the tumult of my soul to breathe itself out in bursts of stormy declamation. I exerted the strength of a giant, when it was not required. I scorned to balance power with necessity. The calculations of prudence, and the devices of cunning, seemed equally pitiful, and despicable. I put forth the same effort to crush an emmet, as to uproot the oak of a thousand centuries. It was sufficient for me always to triumph. While men marvelled at the zeal with which I served them, I was loathing them in my heart. I was sick of their chicanery, and their sabbathless rush after empty honors and perishable dross. The whole world seemed to me, "less than nothing, and vanity." Still, I was sensible of neither toil, nor fatigue, nor physical exhaustion. I was like one, who in his troubled dream of midnight, treads on air, and finds it strangely sustaining him.

But every night, I went to my daughter's grave. I laid me down there, in unutterable bitterness. While the stars looked coldly on me, I spoke to her fondly

and earnestly, as one who could not be denied. I said,—"Angel! who art mine no longer, listen to me. Thou, who art raised above all tears, cause *one tear* to moisten my burning brow. Give it to me, as a token that thou hearest me, that thou hast not forgotten me." And the blasts of Winter, through the leafless boughs, mocking replied,—"*Give it to me,—Give it to me.*" But I wept not. Ten days and nights passed over me,—and still I wept not.

My brain was heated to agony. The visual nerves were scorched and withered. My heart was parched and arid, as the Libyan desert. Then I knew that the throne of Grief was in *the heart:* that though her sceptre may reach the remotest nerve, and touch the minutest cell where the brain slumbers, and perplex every ethereal ambassador from spirit to sense,—yet the pavilion where her darkest dregs are wrung out, the laboratory where her consuming fires are compounded, is *the heart,—the heart.*

I have implied that my intellect faltered. Yet every morning I went to the scene of my labors. I put my shoulder to the wheel, caring not though it crushed me. I looked at men fixedly and haughtily with my red eye-balls. But I spoke no word to betray the flame feeding at my vitals. The heart-strings shrivelled and broke before it, yet the martyr dom was in silence.

Again, Night drew her sable curtain, and I sought my daughter's grave. Methought, its turf-covering

was discomposed, and some half-rooted shrubs that shuddered and drooped when placed in that drear assemblage of the dead, had been trampled and broken. A horrible suspicion took possession of my mind. I rushed to the house of the sexton.—"Has any one troubled my daughter's grave?" Alarmed at my vehemence, he remained speechless and irresolute.

"Tell me," I exclaimed, in a voice of terror, "who has disturbed my daughter's grave." He evaded my adjuration, and murmured something about an injunction to secrecy. With the grasp of a maniac, I bore him to an inner apartment, and bade him satisfy my question. Trembling at my violence, he confessed that the grave had been watched for ten nights.

"Who has watched my daughter's grave?" Reluctantly he gave me the names of those friends,—names for ever graven upon my soul.

And so, for those ten long, wintry nights, so dreary and interminable, which I had cast away amid the tossings of profitless, delirious, despairing sorrow, they had been watching, that the repose of that unsullied clay might remain unbroken.

A new tide of emotion was awakened. I threw myself down, as powerless as the weaned infant. Torrents of tears flowed. The tenderness of man wrought what the severity of Heaven had failed to produce. It was not the earthquake, nor the thunder, nor the tempest, that subdued me. It was the

still, small voice. I wept until the fountains of tears failed. The relief of that hour of weeping, can never be shadowed forth in language. The prison-house of passionate agony was unlocked. I said to God that he was merciful, and I loved him because my angel lived in his presence. Since then, it would seem, that my heart has been made better. Its aspirations are upward, whither she has ascended, and as I tread the devious path of my pilgrimage, both the sunbeam and the thorn point me as a suppliant to the Redeemer of Man, that I may be at last fitted to dwell with her for ever.

KINDRED HEARTS.

Oh! ask not, hope thou not too much
Of sympathy below;
Few are the hearts whence one same touch
Bids the sweet fountains flow:
Few—and by still conflicting powers
Forbidden here to meet—
Such ties would make this life of ours
Too fair for aught so fleet.

It may be that thy brother's eye
Sees not as thine, which turns
In such deep reverence to the sky,
Where the rich sunset burns:
It may be, that the breath of spring,
Born amidst violets lone,
A rapture o'er thy soul can bring—
A dream, to his unknown.

The tune that speaks of other times—
A sorrowful delight!
The melody of distant chimes,
The sound of waves by night,
The wind that, with so many a tone,
Some chord within can thrill—
These may have language all thine own,
To *him* a mystery still.

Yet scorn thou not, for this, the true
And steadfast love of years;

The kindly, that from childhood grew,
The faithful to thy tears!
If there be one that o'er the dead
Hath in thy grief borne part,
And watched through sickness by thy bed—
Call *his* a kindred heart!

But for those bonds all perfect made,
Wherein bright spirits blend,
Like sister flowers of one sweet shade
With the same breeze that bend,—
For that full bliss of thought allied,
Never to mortals given—
Oh! lay thy lovely dreams aside,
Or lift them unto Heaven.

THE DIAL OF FLOWERS.*

'T was a lovely thought to mark the hours,
As they floated in light away,
By the opening and the folding flowers,
That laugh to the summer's day.

Thus had each moment its own rich hue,
And its graceful cup and bell,
In whose colored vase might sleep the dew,
Like a pearl in an ocean-shell.

To such sweet signs might the time have flowed
In a golden current on,

* This dial was, I believe, formed by Linnæus, and marked the hours by the opening and closing, at regular intervals, of the flowers arranged in it.

Ere from the garden, man's first abode,
The glorious guests were gone.

So might the days have been brightly told—
Those days of song and dreams—
When shepherds gathered their flocks of old
By the blue Arcadian streams.

So in those isles of delight, that rest
Far off in a breezeless main,
Which many a bark with a weary quest,
Has sought, but still in vain.

Yet is not life, in its real flight,
Marked thus—even thus—on earth,
By the closing of one hope's delight,
And another's gentle birth?

Oh! let us live, so that flower by flower,
Shutting in turn, may leave
A lingerer still for the sunset hour,
A charm for the shaded eve.

LOVE'S FIRST DREAM.

Bright is the froth of an eastern wave,
As it plays in the sun's last glow;
Pure is the pearl in its crystal bed,
Gemming the worlds below;
Warm is the heart that mingles its blood
In the red tide of glory's stream;
But more flashingly bright, more pure, more warm,
Is love's first dream!

Hope paints the vision, with hues of her own,
In all the colors of spring;
While the young lip breathes, like a dewy rose
Fanned by the fire-fly's wing.
'T is a fairy scene, where the fond soul roves,
Exulting in passion's warm beam;
Ah! sad 't is to think we should wake with a chill,
From love's first dream!

But it fades like the rainbow's brilliant arch,
Scattered by clouds and wind;
Leaving the spirit, unrobed of light,
In darkness and tears behind.
When mortals look back on the heartfelt woes
They have met with in life's rough stream,
That sigh will be deepest which memory gives
To love's first dream!

LEGEND OF OXFORD.

"Our fathers found bleak heath and desert moor,
Wild woodland, and savannahs wide and waste,—
Rude country of rude dwellers."

SOUTHEY'S *Madoc.*

POSSIBLY it may be unknown, except to a few antiquarians, that the beautiful town of Oxford, in Massachusetts, was originally a colony of French Protestants. They first taught its forests the sound of the woodman's axe, and extended to its roving and red-browed sons, the hand of amity.

Wherever the Huguenot character mingled in the political formation of this Western World, its infusion was bland, and salutary. Industry, patience, cheerful endurance of evil, ardent social affections, and a piety firm but not austere, were its distinctive features. In their gentle community, Age did not lay aside its sympathies with Youth, or feel exiled from its sweet companionship. The white hair of wisdom gave no death-signal to cheerfulness. The grandsire, with his snowy temples, was still the favorite and delighted associate of his blooming descendants. The religion from whose root such fruits sprang, made it no part of its theory to dismiss the smile, or call in moroseness as an adjunct, or robe

the Sabbath in sable, as if the Creator had marked that consecrated day by a *frown* on his works, instead of pronouncing them "*very good.*" Still the elements of their piety, combined without sternness or ostentation, an inflexible adherence to duty, and a spirit, "faithful unto death, for conscience sake."

The loss of half a million of such inhabitants to France, was a consequence of the persecutions of Louis XIV. His long-cherished intolerance took the form of madness, in the revocation of the Edict of Nantz. The expulsion of multitudes of his most unoffending and loyal subjects, justified the strong metaphor of Queen Christina,—"France is a diseased man, submitting to the amputation of his limbs, to cure what a gentle regimen might conquer."

The sufferings of the Protestants from the misguided zeal of their monarch, have left deep traces on the annals of History. Their worship of God obstructed, their churches demolished, their Pastors silenced, imprisoned, or led to martyrdom, an insolent soldiery made the inmates of their peaceful homes, licensed to every outrage by a commission to *convert the heretics*, and finally their children torn from them, and committed to the tutelage and discipline of monks, prepared them for the fatal climax,—the abolition of that Edict of Henry of Navarre, which, a century before, had guarantied the safety of their ancestors. The repeal of this royal act of protection, in December, 1685, removed the last barrier between them and the raging flood which

threatened to overwhelm them. Every hour they expected a repetition of the horrors of St. Bartholomew.

Flight from the beloved land of their birth, seemed the only alternative. Even to this painful resort, obstacles were opposed by the despot, who forgot that one requisition of a king was to be the father of his people. Soldiers were stationed to intercept their progress, and prevent their embarkation. They were driven literally, to take shelter in "dens, and caves of the earth." Fathers were forced to immure their families in damp and pestilental caverns, whence they issued, the very shadows of themselves. Delicate females, whom the winds had never roughly visited, wandered, half-clad, amid the chills of winter, or implored at the peasant's hut a temporary refuge. Mothers, in the recesses of dreary forests, hushed their wailing infants, lest their cries of misery should guide the search of some brutal captor.

The sea-ports were thronged with fugitives, in every guise and garb of wretchedness. Rochelle for weeks overflowed with the exiles of Languedoc and Roussillon, of Gascoigne and Dauphiné. There might be seen the aged, with hurrying, tottering steps,—the matron, matured in the lap of indulgence, —with crowds of wandering and miserable babes. They came under covert of midnight, or drenched by the storm: neither fatigue, nor menace, deterred them. "Let us go," they exclaimed, with frantic gestures. "We leave to you our pleasant homes and

our vineyards. Let us go, with our wives and our little ones; we know not whither,—*But in God's name, let us go.*" The cry of Israel, in the house of Egyptian bondage, seemed to re-echo through the beautiful vales of France: though no majestic prophet adjured the ruthless tyrant, in the name of the Lord,—"Let my people go, that they may serve me."

Hundreds of thousands conquered every obstacle, and effected their escape. Favor in foreign lands was extended to them, and that pity was shown by strangers, which their own kindred and king denied.

Our New World profited by this prodigality of the Old. Those whom she cast out as "despised, broken vessels, in whom there was no pleasure," added cement, and symmetry and strength to our magnificent temple of freedom. Their descendants, scattered and incorporated widely among the people of these United States, still bear the mantle of ancestral virtue. It would seem that they inherit some share in the blessing of their fathers, who going forth, like the Patriarch, "not knowing whither they went, found their faith accounted as righteousness."

It was in the depth of the winter of 1686, that a ship tossed by contending storms, and repeatedly repulsed from the bleak New-England coast, was seen slowly entering the harbor of Boston. It was thronged with Huguenot families, who, haggard from the sufferings of their protracted voyage, were eager to obtain refuge and repose.

Scarcely more than three-score years had elapsed since the footsteps of the Pilgrim-Fathers first explored the dreary rocks and trackless wilds of Plymouth. Persecution for righteousness' sake, the abandonment of their own loved land, their perils on the ocean, and in the wilderness, those toils, privations and hardships, with which they gladly purchased "freedom to worship God," were still within the memory of the living. The echo of those hymns of "lofty cheer, with which they shook the depths of the desert gloom," was still treasured in the bosoms, and swelled in the domestic sanctuary, of their descendants. A class of sympathies was therefore in active exercise, which insured the welcome of the tempest-tost aliens. The few hoary-headed pilgrims who survived, could not fail to regard with peculiar emotion, those spirits with whom their own had strong affinity.

This colony of Huguenots was attended by their Pastor, the Reverend Pierre Daillé, a descendant of the learned John Daillé, distinguished as an author, and especially by the work, entitled "An Apology for the Reformed Churches." Father Daillé, as he was styled by his flock, more from the filial love they bore him, than from any seniority of age, was a man of exquisite sensibility, tempered by the meekness of the Gospel which he preached, and whose pure precepts he consistently exemplified. His deportment evinced that true politeness which springs from regard for the feelings of others, and a bene-

nevolent desire to add to their happiness. Hence he invariably conciliated those with whom he associated, and the use he made of the influence thus acquired, was to call forth the better feelings of their nature, to elevate their standard of principle or practice, and to recommend the religion of Jesus his Master. Among those who gave to him, and his people, the warm welcome of the Western World, it was not surprising that he should discover a delightful reciprocity in Elliot, the venerable apostle of the Indians. Laying aside the classical superiority which he attained at the University of Cambridge, in his native land, he had been the patient translator of the Scriptures, into the barbarous dialect of the sons of the forest. There was in his demeanor, that perfect gentleness, and self-renunciation, which inspires even the savage breast with love. Though at this time 82 years of age, he still continued his mission of mercy to those destitute beings, often partaking of their coarse fare, and stretching himself, at night, upon the cold, earthern floors of their miserable habitations. But amid the self-denying calmness of his deportment, those who looked deeply into his eye, might discern some cast of that quiet and determined courage, which had so often quelled the fiercest chieftains, and ruled those paroxysms of anger which threatened his death, by the unmoved reply,—"I am about God's work:—he will take care of me."

At one of his early interviews with Father Daillé, he introduced a red-browed man, on whose arm he

leaned:—"I present to you," said he, "my brother of the forest, and my son in the faith." This was Hiacomes, his first Indian convert to the Gospel, whom he had himself ordained as Pastor over a native church in Martha's Vineyard, and whose example and ministrations justified that high confidence. He was a man of commanding presence,—grave, slow of speech, and so erect and vigorous, that it was difficult to believe that almost fourscore winters had passed over him. With them also came the Reverend John Mayhew, whose lofty forehead, and intellectual features, were lighted up with an undying benevolence for the poor aborigines; the accomplished Dudley, recently appointed to the office of Governor, and pleased, perhaps proud, of that "brief authority;" Michael Wigglesworth, the allegorical poet, with the most unpoetical name; and Increase Mather, the stately President of Harvard College, conscious of the dignity that he sustained, and full of power to sustain it nobly. His voice, which in the fervid denunciations of pulpit eloquence, was said to have the force of thunder, adapted itself melodiously to the tones of conversation, and the expressions of friendship. He was sometimes accompanied by his son, the future author of the "Magnalia Christi Americana," then a young man of 23, in whose intelligent countenance and restless glance might be traced that love of knowledge which neutralizes the toil of the severest study,—that latent superstition which was to spring up as an earnest

advocate of the diabolical delusions at Salem, and that deep-rooted benevolence which adopted even in boyhood, the motto, "never to be in company with any person, without endeavoring to do him some good." The acquaintance and friendship of such men, and others, whom our limits will not allow us to mention, breathed with soothing and strengthening influence over the hearts of the exiles from France.

Boston, at the period of which we speak, exhibited none of the rudiments of its present magnificence. Its population of between 3 and 4,000, were principally intent on the necessary means of subsistence. No lofty spires pointed in their glory of architecture to Him, whose pavilion is above the cloud, and whose dwelling is in the humblest heart. No liberally endowed institutions, no mansions of surpassing splendor, then evinced that like ancient Tyre, her "merchants were princes, and her traffickers the honorable of the earth." Yet even then, in the intellectual cast of her sons, in her deep and sober reverence for knowledge, in her establishment of an University almost coeval with the first breath of her own political existence, might be seen those elements of thought and action, which have since made her to America, what Athens was to Greece. The hospitality with which she still detains the step of the traveller, and quickens his admiration of her beautiful localities, was at this early period in vigorous exercise. It had somewhat of that added fervor,

which a rude, primeval state of society induces, where community of danger inspires strong fellow-feelings, and simplicity of life banishes the ceremony that chills the heart, and the luxury that renders it imbecile.

During the winter that the Huguenots thus enjoyed shelter and sympathy from their new-found brethren, preparations were in progress for their obtaining a more permanent home. These negotiations eventually terminated in the purchase of a tract of land, in the county of Worcester, about thirty miles from Boston, recommended both by native fertility, and beauty of situation. The stream, whose line of crystal variegates with its graceful windings those vales of verdure, received from the emigrants the name of ***French River***; but why they gave their new residence the appellation of ***Oxford***, in preference to one fraught with the mellifluent tones and romantic recollections of their own delightful land, history does not inform us. Perhaps at the moment of baptizing this lodge in the wilderness, their torn hearts wished to lave in the waters of Lethe, the hand that had wounded them. Perhaps they deemed it wise, to stifle emotions, which were too tender and torturing for their peace. Or perhaps, some claim of unrecorded gratitude prompted the name of their adoption. Suffice it to say, that Oxford, or, as some traditions assert, New-Oxford, was the nomenclature of their infant settlement.

At the earliest indications of the broken sway of

winter the more hardy of the colonists, went to take possession of the territory, and to erect temporary habitations for their families. Spring had somewhat advanced, ere the more delicate part of the community followed. The young turf was springing, and the silver leaf of the willow had hung out its banner.

On the hardships and privations appointed them, they entered with a patience and cheerfulness which nothing could subdue. They rejoiced to find a temple where God might be worshipped, free from the tyranny of man, though that temple was amid forests, which the step of civilization had never explored. Those who had been nurtured amid the genial breathing of a luxuriant clime, who had imbibed the fragrance of the vine-flower in their infant slumbers, went forth to daily labor, amid tangled thickets, where the panther and wolf howled, and nightly returned to their rude cabins, with a smile of gratitude, "an everlasting hymn within their souls."

Among the early cares of the colonists, was the erection of a fort, as a place of refuge, in case of an attack from the native dwellers of the forest. They found themselves borderers upon the territory of a powerful tribe, and stories of the cruelty of Indian warfare, which had occupied a prominent place among the winter evening tales of their friends in Boston, had made deep impression upon the minds of an imaginative people. Political motives, there

fore, as well as their own peaceful and pitying dispositions, led them, while they stood prepared for evil, to make every effort to soothe and conciliate their savage neighbors. They extended to them, at every opportunity, the simple rites of hospitality, and their bland and gentle manners apparently won the friendship of those proud, yet susceptible aborigines.

In the lapse of a year after the arrival of the Huguenots, their settlement began to assume the features of regularity. Its simple abodes equalled the number of families, and an air of neatness and even of comfort, pervaded them. Each dwelling had a small spot, allotted to horticulture, from whose broken surface, newly exposed to the free action of the sun, the seeds of France might be seen timidly emerging, and striving to become naturalized in a foreign soil. In a large field, held as common property, the maize had already appeared in straight and stately ranks, its intervals enlivened by the varied hues of the bright bean-blossom. Lycurgus might here have seen illustrated his favorite plan of the Laconian brotherhood, where without contention, each should give his labor to the earth, and without jealousy apportion its treasures. The natives, seeking for game in the neighboring thickets, frequently paused to regard the movements of the new settlers. But it did not escape their observation, that the simple expressions of amity with which their arrival had been welcomed, soon subsided into

a reserved deportment, varied occasionally by marks of stupid wonder, or decided aversion. At length the son of the forest utterly avoided the habitations of his white neighbors, where he had sometimes accepted a shelter for the night, or a covert from the storm. Still he might be seen with a dejected brow, lingering near their cultivated fields, and regarding their more skilful operations of agriculture, with an ill-defined emotion. This was by some explained as the result of envy, by others of hatred, infused by the powaws, who continually impressed the idea that these pale intruders would eventually root the red man out of his father's land. Yet these symptoms of disaffection, however variously interpreted, were ominous; and the resolution was unanimous, to preserve the most conciliatory deportment, yet to take every precaution for safety, and not to go unarmed even to daily labor. Thus the musket was the companion of the implements of rural toil, as in the days of Nehemiah the restorers of Jerusalem wrought "every man with one hand upon the wall, and with the other held his spear, having his sword girded by his side."

It was after sunset on a summer's day in 1687, as the colonists were returning from the field, that a party of natives was observed to approach, apparently with an intention of cutting off their communication with their abodes. Continuing to reject every attempt at parley, and bearing on their dark brows the sullen purpose of vengeance, they passed

slowly onward in an oblique direction, as if to obtain possession of the rising grounds in the neighborhood of the fort. A momentary council was held among the emigrants, who were compelled to perceive that their destruction was meditated. Conscious that they embodied the effective strength of the colony, and that on their present decision its existence depended, they were anxious to avoid rashness, and yet not to testify such regard for their personal safety, as might give to the watchful foe, an appearance of timidity. They observed that they were greatly outnumbered, but that only a few of their enemies were provided with fire-arms, the remainder carrying bows and tomahawks. Three muskets were immediately fired in rapid succession, according to a previous agreement, as a signal for the females and children to take refuge in the fort, if their husbands and fathers should be attacked at a distance from home. Then forming into a solid body, they marched onward with a firm step, having their pieces loaded, but not deeming it expedient to hazard the first assault. Each silently revolved the desolation that would ensue, upon their fall, to the infant settlement, the peaceful fire-side, and those dearer than life.

Yet with unshrinking bravery they approached their terrible opponents, and in silent aspirations invoked that Being, with whom it is "nothing to save, whether by many, or by them who have no help." The shifting lines of the enemy became stationary,

having gained the brow of an acclivity, where were several large trees, behind which they could be sheltered, according to their mode of warfare. Many of the warriors were already stationed behind these fortifications, while the remainder intercepted the path along which the Huguenots were advancing toward their homes. This post, though chosen by these sons of nature without knowledge of tactics, was highly advantageous. Their fire in front, upon those who ascended the hill, would be greatly annoying; on the right, their marksmen sheltered by trees might take deadly aim with little danger of retaliation, while on the left, a thick forest, obstructed by underwood, promised to baffle the flight of fugitives. In the rear, at the distance of half a mile, lay the fort, where they might, after vanquishing their protectors, wreak on the helpless ones the vengeance of extermination. Already they viewed the objects of their hatred as within their grasp, and a murmur of savage joy ran through their ranks, preparatory to the yell of battle. They silently singled out their victims for the triumph and for the stake, and deemed the blood of their invaders would be a just and grateful offering to the spirits of their fathers, angry, even amid fields of light, that their sons could tamely resign their heritage. The Christians had begun to ascend the hill. They were within thirty paces of those who sought their destruction. Yet they paused, ere the fatal conflict should send into eternity they knew not how many souls. Every

head was uncovered, and every knee bent to the earth. In one deep, solemn response, their mingled voices broke forth,—"Deliver us, O Jehovah! from the hand of the unrighteous, and cruel man: for thou art our hope, O God! thou art our trust from our youth." They rose and advanced, with souls prepared either for victory or death. But the perilous enterprise was arrested by a mysterious form, rushing from the dark forest on the left of their path. He seemed of more than mortal height, and his flowing robes were girt about his loins, with a broad blood-red cincture. On his head was a resemblance of the ancient helmet, surmounted with lofty and sable plumes. In his right hand a sword flashed with ineffable brightness, and his left bore a blazing torch, which illumined his pale countenance, yet faded beneath the lightning of his awful eye. He exclaimed, as he approached the little flock of Christians,—"The sword of the Lord and of Gideon!"

Pointing onward with his dazzling blade, they followed him mechanically, as if the shade of Condé or Coligny had arisen from the grave to lead them to victory. The Indians stood as if transfixed with horror, until this mysterious being confronted them face to face.

There was a pause of fearful silence, and then he uttered, in a tone which seemed to shake the hills, a few terrible words in an unknown tongue. But they were intelligible to the enemy, who were in an instant overwhelmed with astonishment and fear. At

the charmed words, as if spell-bound, the bow, stretched to its utmost tension, dropt the trembling arrow, and the uplifted tomahawk sank from the hand of the nerveless warrior. The whole body of savages turned in flight. Still a voice of thunder arrested their breathless speed.

"Stay!—Hear what the Great Spirit saith. If ye lift your hand against one of these my servants, if ye hurt a hair of the head of any belonging unto them, your flesh shall be given as meat to the beasts of the earth, and to the fowls of heaven, and your souls shall never enter the abodes of your fathers.—Remember,—and begone!"

Scarcely was the permission accorded, ere the surrounding hills were covered with the flying fugitives. Their native agility, quickened by terror, regarded no obstacle of rock, thicket, or stream. The majestic being reared high his flaming torch, and beheld their departure. Not one turned to look back, so deep was their dread of that fearful countenance, and tremendous tone. Bending his piercing glance upon those whom he had rescued, he read the most intense traces of gratitude, astonishment, and awe, and heard the repeated yet half-suppressed inquiry. —"Who is our deliverer?"

A voice of majesty answered:

"I am the pillar of cloud, and the pillar of flame, sent before you in this wilderness, by the Eternal. Gaze not thus, attempt not to pursue my path, lest, like the wretches who prest upon the base of Sinai,

when Jehovah honored it, ye perish amid blackness, and darkness, and tempest. Veil your eyes, and bow your faces in the dust, while I pass on my way."

They obeyed, and from a greater distance, the same deep tone was heard to command—

"When you reach your homes, and find those eyes tearful with joy, which might have been closed in blood, give glory to the God of Israel."

When the ransomed band raised their heads from the earth, some thought that they saw the firmament glowing as with a path of living flame. But others said it was the ray of the full moon, which lifting from the horizon her broad disk of pale gold, tinged the mountain-tops and forests with the same hue, then gradually faded into silver, as a bride covers her heightened complexion with a snowy veil. The extreme excitement of this sudden danger and unaccountable deliverance, did not permit the colonists to discover, until their arrival at their habitations, that one of their number was missing. Then, the wife of Laurens, holding her babe in her arms, was seen vainly inquiring for her husband.

They explored the paths which had been traversed, they returned to the field where they had labored. But no trace was to be found, save his cartridge-box, lying near the spot where he had toiled. It was then evident that he had not been with them in their scene of peril, and dismay marked every countenance. Conjecture was busy in her darkest forms

among tender and apprehensive spirits, while the effective strength of the colony gathered in consultation. The boldest proposed immediate pursuit, and reclaiming the captive by force of arms, during the season of consternation which then prevailed among the Indians. The more cautious suggested the danger of invading their territory with such inferiority of numbers, as might involve not only their own destruction, but the extinction of the colony. The result of their council, was to send an embassy to Boston, requesting the Governor to demand of the Indian king their captive brother, or to grant them military aid in effecting his rescue.

A day of intense anxiety was endured in that little settlement. But on the ensuing morning, ere the sun had dispersed the cloud of vapor that encompassed the valley, a shout of joy burst wildly from many voices. The lost brother had been discovered hasting toward his home. Only a short interval transpired, ere he was surrounded by a throng of kindred and friends, welcoming him with wondering rapture, and demanding his adventures. His heart was full, and his lip trembled as he spoke.

"When we departed from the field, after our last day's labor, I had not proceeded far in your company, before I discovered that my cartridge-box was left behind. Without mentioning the circumstance, I ran to fetch it, expecting to rejoin you, ere I should be missed. As I leaped the inclosure, I received a blow on the head from an Indian, who was lurking

there. When I had partially recovered my senses, I endeavored to arise, but found myself in the power of four natives, who had deprived me of my weapons. With threatening gestures, they hurried me onward. A great part of the night we travelled, through almost impenetrable woods. Then they halted, and a fire was kindled. They kindly offered me a portion of the rude viands on which they fed. Then they lay down to sleep, after pinioning me securely, and appointing a sentinel, with a loaded musket. Soon they fell into slumber; but for me, though sorely wearied, there was no forgetfulness. The flame, sometimes blazing high, then suddenly declining, cast a wavering light upon the grim faces and dishevelled locks of those whose captive I was, whose victim I might soon be. Their athletic limbs, stretched supinely, gave evidence of great strength, while their dark, red brows, distorted in dreams, seemed as if the Spirit of Evil had visibly set his seal there. When, sickening at the scene, I looked upward, there was the full, cloudless moon, gilding the crest of the wide forest, and gliding down its deep arches, to visit the earth, like the eye of Heaven, beholding a world of sin, itself continuing pure.

But I could not raise my thoughts in the sublime offices of devotion. They hovered wildly around this beloved spot, and her who, I knew, was sleepless for my sake. I remembered you all, my friends, and fancied that I heard your voices, and saw your search for the lost one. Then it seemed as if an

unearthly might inspired me, and I believed that I could destroy my foes, and pass through their blood to my home, and to you. Then, attempting to start up, my pinioned limbs painfully admonished me, and I grieve to say, that the prayer with which I strove to solace myself, was more in bitterness, than in humble trust.

Suddenly, the trampling of many feet destroyed my reverie. A body of Indians approached, hastily and in disorder. They conversed eagerly with my captors, in their own language. I imagined, by their wild gestures, that they were detailing some warlike expedition, and a horrible suspicion took hold of me. I feared that they had fallen like wolves upon our peaceful fold, and shuddered lest I might discover on their raiment, stains of the blood that was most dear to me. At every change of attitude, my straining eyes followed with terror, lest they should display some fair-haired scalp. From their impassioned action, I could gain nothing, save broken delineations of some conflict, in which the madness of astonishment predominated.

A prey to the most afflicting suspense, I was hurried onward to the residence of their king. It was surrounded by a number of dwellings, constructed in their arbor-like manner and thatched with matting.

There I saw, in the midst of a few warriors, the king of the Nipmucks and Narragansetts. He was tall, with a coronet of white feathers on his head,

and a grave and noble countenance. He was in conversation with an aged man, whose eye was fixed and severe. This was the ancient prophet, greatly reverenced by the surrounding tribes. After the large party of Indians had related their story with strong gesticulation, my captors led me forward, and the king regarded me with a penetrating glance.

"Hast thou shed the blood of Indians?" he inquired. I answered in the negative, and added that we were a peaceful people, considering all men as our brethren. He stood for some time in silence, gravely scrutinizing me. Then he addressed the prophet, still speaking in English.

"Seest thou cause, why this prisoner should not be set at liberty?"

"*Seest thou cause!*"—exclaimed the old man indignantly, and extending his hand in rhetorical action. "The cause is on the sky.—It hath told thee in thunder, that wherever the foot of the pale race comes, the red man must perish. The cause is written on the earth,—in the blood of our warriors. It is upon the air,—in the red blaze of our wigwams. *And thou art a king of the Narragansetts, and dost ask of me if there is any cause why a white man should die?*"

"Think not that I forget the slaughter of my people," said the king:—"But they were the hands of Englishmen, that dropped with their blood. What have this man, or his brethren, done? They are of

another race. They came not hither to waste us. They only mark furrows upon the green earth, and the corn rises. I myself have been in their dwellings, but not as a king. I went thither as the fox, and they were before me like doves, without guile. I was weary, and they spread for me a bed. They believed that I slumbered. But my eye, like the eagle's, was upon all their ways. They spake no evil of Indians. No—in their prayers they asked good things for us, of their Great Spirit. There is no bitterness in their hearts, towards red men. Son of Wisdom, why should we lift our hand against the innocent?"

"Thou art deceived, son of Philip!" answered the Prophet. "They are moles, mining around thine habitation. Their path is in silence and in darkness, and thy heart is simple as the babe. Ere thou art aware, thou shalt struggle like the fish in the net, and who can deliver thee? The crested snake cometh forth boldly, and the poisonous adder worketh her way beneath the matted grass. Are they not both the offspring of the deadly serpent? This man, and his brethren, and they who have long slaughtered us, are all of one race. They are but the white foam of that ocean, which the Great Spirit hath troubled in his wrath. *Art thou the son of Philip*, standing still, till its billows sweep thee, and thy nation, away? That lion-hearted monarch was not so. Rivers of blood flowed before him in battle. Even now, his soul is angry at the sight of

white men. Last night, in visions, it stood beside me. Its brow was like thine, O king, but frowns of vengeance made it terrible. His eye was dark like thine, but the lightning of the brave made its glance awful. His voice was hoarse and hollow, as if it rose from the sepulchre. Ice entered into my blood, as its tones smote my ear. 'I cannot rest,' it said. 'White men multiply, and become as the stars of heaven. My people fade away like the mist, when the sun ariseth. On their own land, they have become strangers. My son hideth, with the remnant of his tribe, in the borders of another nation. *They call him King.* Why doth he not dare to set his feet, where his father's throne stood? I see cities there, and temples to a God whom our fathers knew not. Our canoes ride no longer on the tides of the Narragansett. Proud sails are there, whiter than the curl of its waters. Doth the son of Philip sleep? Tell him, if he be a king, to write it in blood, on the grave where my bones moulder. Tell him, if he be my son, to sheath his spear in the breast of every white man, till the soul of his father is satisfied.' The spirit vanished, and the blackness of midnight glowed like a gush of blood. I have spoken its message unto thee, king of a perishing race. Yonder is a victim, provided by the Great Spirit. Bid it soothe the sorrowing shade of thy father."

The forest echoed to the furious voice of the incensed prophet. The king covered his face with

his hands. Then pointing mournfully toward me, he said,—"Take him, and do with him what ye will. It is not the king, but the prophet, that demandeth his blood."

I would have spoken, but he walked hastily away. The old man gazed after him with a reproachful eye, and then spoke rapidly to the people, in their own language, giving, as I supposed, directions for my death. I observed him closely, to discover whether argument or supplication might be hazarded. But in his stern, stony features, there dwelt no touch of human sympathy. The victim might as well have hoped to propitiate the Druid, whose pitiless hand grasped the sacrificial blade. I suffered them to lead me away, in silence.

They conducted me to a level spot, from whence the trees had been partially cleared, as if by fire. I believed this to be the place of execution. They desired me to sit, and the women and children flocked around me. Yet I saw not upon their brows aught of hatred or exultation. Some were strongly marked with pity. Even the little ones regarded me with melancholy attention. Towards noon, a plentiful repast was brought me. It would seem that they had put in requisition all their culinary skill, to furnish my last feast on earth. Fish, birds, and the flesh of the deer, with cakes baked in the ashes, and parched corn, varied the banquet. They spread it before me, and retired to some distance, taught by Nature the simple politeness of not dis-

turbing the stranger. Returning, they brought water for my hands and face, and the children, venturing nearer, decked my hair with wild flowers. I felt that they were adorning the victim for the altar, yet I could not but look on them with kindness, for their guileless manners and simple ceremonies served to soothe apprehension, though they might not nourish hope. The men consulted in groups. Probably, the arrangements for my martyrdom occupied them. Yet they displayed neither the impatience to hasten it, nor the savage triumph, that I had been taught to expect from descriptions of similar scenes.

At the decline of day, they stripped a small tree of its boughs, and cut off its trunk at the distance of six or seven feet from the earth. As the shades of evening deepened, they kindled a large fire, around which they began to dance, with dissonant music, and violent gesticulation. Becoming excited almost to madness, they approached and bound me to the tree.

Hitherto, I had but imperfectly realized my doom. Illusions of escape and of deliverance had been flitting through my imagination. Even when the branches were heaped around that were to consume me, I could not dismiss these illusions. They put fire to the encircling fuel. It was green, and the thick smoke almost suffocated me. Horrible visions swam before my eyes. Unutterable thoughts rushed through my brain. My soul could not bid adieu

to the objects of its love. It was tossed upon a sea of wild emotion, like a reeling bark before the tempest. I strove to recall the instructions of my revered pastor, but Memory was a wreck, amid the billows of Fate.

Before me was a steep hill, interspersed with rocks and thickets. There my eyes fixed, until every bush seemed to cluster with fiery faces. At length, on the summit of that precipice, where dark clouds rested, a light shone, above the brightness of the moon. A form, of more than mortal height, came gliding thence, in a path of living flame. In its right hand glittered the semblance of a sword, and on its left came forth fire, which seemed to kindle the firmament. I thought I beheld the King of Terrors. I wished that I could welcome his approach.

The fearful form came nearer. It stood before me. Awful tones, in an unknown tongue, proceeded from its lips. At their sound, my foes shrieked and fled. Like the host of Israel, at the terrible voice from the flames of Sinai, they could not endure that "those words should be spoken to them a second time."

I was writhing before the scorching flame. A hand of power loosened my bonds. "Follow me," said a tremendous voice; "but gaze not on me, lest thou perish." I obeyed, and shading my eyes with my hand, walked in the path of light, that gleamed before me. I trembled, lest I might accidentally look upon one, whom "no man can see and live."

It seemed that the way was long, but my mind was in that state when the unities of time and space are annihilated. I thought that the drapery of a diseased intellect enveloped me, or that I had already passed the gulf of death, and was gliding through the region of disembodied spirits. But still before me moved, in mysterious majesty, that "pillar of cloud, and pillar of flame." At length, we stood upon the banks of a river, which I recollected to have crossed soon after my capture. The difficulty which we had encountered in fording it, was the first circumstance that perfectly restored my senses from their stupor, after the stroke that prostrated me.

"Pass through the stream," said the same tremendous voice. I shuddered at its tone. "Pass through the stream. If its waters oppose thee, ask aid of Him who taught the wavering disciple to walk upon the sea. When thou reachest the shore, kneel, and pay thy vows to Jehovah."

I plunged into the swollen waters. Thrice, their current thwarted me. Once, I found myself beyond my depth, and exhaustion came over me. I spake to my Redeemer. Still the pure ray of that mysterious light gleamed around me, till I gained the opposing shore in safety. There I knelt, in obedience to the command of my deliverer. My heart was full of unutterable aspirations. When they ceased, I arose, but there was no longer any brightness in my path. I saw that the night had fled, and the gray dawn trembled in the east.

As I drew near these beloved abodes, the apprehensions which had distressed me, at the return and mysterious recital of the Indian warriors, again resumed their sway. How shall I describe the rapture, with which the light of morning gave to my view, the smoke curling in peaceful volumes above these trees! I seemed to surmount the space that divided me from you, as the swift-winged bird cleaves the air. Methought I could pour out existence to Him who had preserved it, in one unending hymn of joy.

Friends, ask me neither for explanation nor comment. I have given you the truth, as it dwells in my soul. Bewildered, I scarcely know what to say, save that I stand here among you, look on faces that are dear, and know that God, by some mysterious messenger, hath snatched me from destruction."

As he ceased, his friends thronged around him, with the most affectionate congratulations. Little children, who had often wept during the narrative, pressed near, that they might lay their hand upon one, who had witnessed such marvellous things.

The pastor came forward into the centre of the circle, as a father enters among his children. Laying his hand solemnly on the head of Laurens, he said, "This, my son, was dead and is alive again, was lost and is found." They understood his inference unspoken, and kneeling upon the green turf, joined the holy man, in fervent thanksgiving to their Almighty Protector.

To this scene of pious gratitude, succeeded a recital of the danger and preservation of the colony, to which the rescued brother listened with intense interest and deep astonishment. Features of similarity were recognized in the mysterious being who had effected this double deliverance, though a highly excited imagination had, in the case of Laurens, invested him with more of supernatural influence. Those events long supplied the colony with a subject for the hour of twilight musing and midnight vigil, a theme for the wonder of childhood, the terror of superstition, the conjecture and speculation of all. But the lapse of years drew the curtain from this mystery, by revealing the history of the regicide Judges.

After the restoration of Charles the Second to the throne of England, and his execution of several of the judges by whom his father had been condemned, most of the others fled to foreign climes. Three of them sought refuge on the shores of New-England. Massachusetts and Connecticut alternately afforded them protection. A cave in the neighborhood of New-Haven was frequently their abode, and their piety and dignity of manner propitiated the favor and respect of the people.

When it was understood in Great Britain, that the Colonels Whalley, Dixwell, and Goffe, had escaped to New-England, they were demanded by the king. But the colonists continued to shelter them. The Governor of Connecticut, and the settlement of New-

Haven, particularly incurred the displeasure of the cabinet of James II., by their persevering republicanism, and incipient spirit of independence.

In 1687, Sir Edmund Andrus, a sycophant of the House of Stuart, in its vacillating and vindictive policy, entered New-England, with the authority and disposition of a petty tyrant. Arriving at Hartford, he demanded the Charter of Connecticut. Suddenly, in the room where the consultation was held, the lights were extinguished, and the important parchment disappeared. A bold and cautious hand deposited it in the hollow heart of an oak,—which henceforward acquired imperishable fame, and still flourishes in vigorous and green old age.

Sir Edmund Andrus, proceeding to New-Haven fixed his suspicious eye on a stranger whom he accidentally encountered, and pronounced to be one of the regicides in disguise. He instituted a strict search for the man, but both vigilance, and bribe, proved ineffectual. This was indeed Col. Dixwell, who, with his associates, had been "hunted as a partridge on the mountains." Having for a long previous period been unmolested, he occasionally ventured to walk in the streets, and even to attend public worship. Reading in the eagle glance of the haughty minion, that he was singled out for immolation, he instantly withdrew, and was long invisible to his most faithful adherents. Sometimes caverns afforded him refuge; at others, he threw himself on the good faith of strangers, and found conceal-

ment. It was asserted that a cave in the vicinity of Oxford was among his favorite retreats, and the date of the events which we have just recorded, corresponds with this period of his flight and seclusion.

Being a man of native address, and military enterprise, he had previously mingled, though unknown, in scenes of conflict with the aborigines. Their traits of character had interested him as a study, and having become acquainted with some words of their language, it was said that he made use of them, together with a wild and imposing suit of apparel, a blazing torch, and a sword which had served in the wars of Cromwell, to accomplish such results as those which we have related. It was also said that Father Daillé had visited him in his subterranean retreat, and been intrusted confidentially with his agency in these occurrences, and with other parts of his history. Be that as it may, Col. Dixwell, who was a man of superior talents, and religious sensibility, and, as the quaint writers of that age assert, "possessed of manifest great education," took pleasure in evincing, as far as his precarious situation admitted, his grateful sympathies in the welfare of a people who had saved him from the scaffold.

The settlement at Oxford continued gradually and steadily to attain prosperity. An air of neatness and comfort pervaded its rustic dwellings. In the vicinity of many of them, the vines of France

were seen reaching forth their young tendrils, and striving to sustain existence with the smiles of a less genial sun. The pastor, who had led his flock into foreign folds, shared in all their concerns with a sympathy and zeal that knew no declension. In their secular affairs he aided with his advice, in their sicknesses he sat by their bed, combining the skill of the temporal healer with the higher offices of the spiritual physician. Piety was not worn by him, only as a sabbath garb. Every day he wrapped its mantle around his spirit. It attended him in his domestic duties, in all his companionship with men. It was like an undying lamp, of the mildest radiance, ever beaming on his path, and enlightening the steps of others. No one could be long in his presence, without perceiving that his heart was above. Yet this was not evinced by moroseness, or contempt of earthly cares, or sternness towards weaker spirits, but by a gentle and powerful influence, which elevated the thoughts and affections of those around. In his visits to his people, the unrestrained flow of discourse prompted every heart to pour itself out to him. Little children gathered near him, and learned to associate the name of their Redeemer with the sacred lips that told them of his love. Amid the unchecked pleasure of this parochial intercourse, the simple raising of his benign eye to Heaven, was understood by his confiding and affectionate people, as a signal for the spirit to commune with its Father, if it were only through the aspiration of a moment.

In his partner, he found a congenial mind, and a helper in every toil. Though her education and manners might have qualified her to move in courts, she found no greater delight than in zealously aiding her husband in his responsible duties, particularly in the instruction of the children of the community, and the comfort of disease and affliction. Accustomed to the pursuits and accomplishments of refined society, the only recreation in which she now indulged herself, was the culture of a few flowers; and one of the highest gratifications which they furnished her, was sometimes to lay them, in all their beauty and breathing fragrance, upon the pillow of the sick. The same benevolence induced her to turn her knowledge of the physiology of plants to practical use. A part of her garden was devoted to the rearing of medicinal herbs, and her skill in their application enabled her often to alleviate physical suffering. Yet no diseases of a serious nature had hitherto appeared among them, notwithstanding the influence of a comparatively severe climate, might have been expected to put in requisition the more efficient aids of medical science. But their state of society forcibly illustrated, how industry, moderated desires, and habitual cheerfulness, promote health of body, as well as health of mind.

Somewhat more than three years had elapsed, since the establishment of the colony. The autumn of 1690 was advancing towards its close. Copse and forest exhibited those varied and opposing hues,

which array in such surprising beauty and brilliance, the foliage of New-England. The harvest was completed, and every family was in preparation for the claims of a cold and dreary season. Children might still be seen, bearing toward their habitations, baskets of those nuts, which were to vary the banquet of their winter evenings. The elastic atmosphere gave vigor to their spirits, and their little voices clamored joyously and incessantly. It was pleasant to see their healthful and innocent faces, like bright flowers amid those wilds, so lately tenanted by the copper-colored Indian, and the sable bear.

Among these happy groups, were the beautiful children of St. Maur;—Antoiné, a boy of eight, and Elisé, four years younger. They were peculiarly dear to their father, from the circumstance of his having the sole charge of them. Their mother, whose delicate frame had been exhausted by the hardships of persecution, died during her voyage to America. The passage had been rude and boisterous, and the fearful tempests which marked their approach to a wintry coast, annihilated that feeble hope of her recovery, which affection had cherished. During a violent storm, while the ship tossed as if the deep were about to engulf her, that pale mother sat the whole night, with her infant on her bosom. She was not willing to transfer it to other arms. Her eyes were fixed upon it:—their long and tender glance seemed to say,—"It is the last time." When the morning dawned, she kissed the baby, and laid

it in her husband's bosom. Antoiné remembered as long as he lived, that she clasped her cold hands upon his little head, and said faintly,—"The cup that my Father hath given me, shall I not drink it?" —and that in a few moments she was stretched out, motionless, and dead.

It was not wonderful that St. Maur should regard these motherless ones, the companions of his exile, with extreme tenderness,—that he should desire to watch over them every moment. With his permission to join their companions, in nut-gathering, he mingled an injunction to return home before sunset. Delighted with their enlivening occupation, they saw with regret the sun declining toward the west, but, obedient to their father's command, took leave of their companions, and departed from the forest. On their homeward path, they discovered profuse clusters of the purple forest-grape, and entered a rocky recess to gather the additional treasure. Suddenly, they were seized by two Indians. Antoiné struggled violently, and every feature was convulsed with anger. His little sister stretched out her hands to him for protection, but in vain. When the first tumult of surprise had subsided, the keen eye of the boy took note of every angle in the path, every brook that they forded, every hill that was ascended, determining, if possible, to effect an escape. He was grieved that darkness so soon prevented his observation of the country.

The night was considerably advanced, ere the

Indians halted. They kindled a fire, and offered the children some of the food which they carried with them. The heart of Antoiné swelled high, and he refused to partake. But the little girl took some parched corn, and sat on the knee of the rude Indian. He smiled, when he saw her eat the kernels, and look up in his face with a trusting, reproachless eye. Then they lay down to sleep, each with a captive in his arms.

Antoiné wisely restrained his impatience, and remained perfectly still, until the grasp that confined him relaxed, and deeper breathing denoted slumber. Then, scarcely daring to breathe, he crept away from the side of his captor. Softly rising on his feet, he looked on the sleeping group. Nothing was heard, save the crackling of the fire, which blazed up high and bright in the forest, and the distant growling and moaning of a bear, as if bereaved of her cubs. The heart of a child at the lone hour of midnight, who had never before been separated from the side of a parent, might well shudder at a scene so awful. But new and strange courage enkindled, when he recollected that he was the sole protector of his little sister, and that their father was now miserable for their loss.

The innocent child lay sleeping upon the damp ground, her head resting upon the shoulder of the dark, red man. She seemed like a rosebud broken from its stalk, and dropped in some dismal vault, where the slimy snake gliding from its nest, enfolds

it in a venomous coil. Her tiny hand, pure as wax, lay among the long, black locks of the Indian, and her ruby lips were slightly parted by her soft and quiet breathing.

Her brother, brushing away the thick, dark curls that clustered around his forehead, bent over her. He wished to snatch her from durance, and bear her to her home. He espied a tomahawk, and seized it. Terrible designs took possession of his mind. He believed that he could cleave the skull of the sleeping Indians. At that moment, his guard awoke. What was his astonishment at beholding a child, whom he had deemed incapable of meditating resistance, armed with a deadly weapon, and his dark eyes flashing with all a warrior's spirit! He could not but gaze on him for a moment with admiration, for the son of the forest respects valor in a foe, and to the sight of the brave he was beautiful.

Disarming, and securely pinioning the infant warrior, he again stretched himself upon his bed of turf. Antoiné struggled vainly, and at length, overcome with fatigue and sorrow, mourned himself into a broken slumber. Yet in his dreams, he incessantly started and complained, sometimes exclaiming,—"Oh my poor father,"—or, "See! see! they have murdered the child."

When it was discovered in the colony, that the children of St. Maur had not returned, alarm and sympathy became general. Every spot was explored, where it was supposed possible that they might

have lingered, or wandered. Lights were seen, in every direction, to glimmer and recede like the lamp of the fire-fly; and for hours, upland and valley resounded with their names. But when their little baskets were found overturned, and their contents scattered in disorder, one terrible conclusion burst upon every mind, that they must have been captured by Indians.

With the dawn of morning, the men of the colony were assembled at the door of St. Maur. Many of them bore arms, anxious to go immediately and demand the lost. Their pastor was already there, consulting with the agonized father. The gestures of St. Maur were strong, and his voice fervent in argument, but the countenance of the sacred teacher was fixed, as one who prevails. At length, Father Daillé, advancing, said,—

"It is decided that only St. Maur and myself, go, and require our lost babes of the savage king. If it be true, as we have supposed, that some germ of goodness still dwells in the hearts of this fierce people, they will listen to a sorrowing father, and a man of God. Go to your homes, and pray, that we may find favor in his sight. We give you thanks for your sympathy, but resistance unto blood might end in the destruction of our colony. It might fail to restore the lambs who are lost: it might lay our whole fold desolate. Return to your homes, my children. Not by the sword, or the bow can ye the uplifting of humble hearts and

The ambassadors to a savage monarch, pressed the hands of their friends and departed. They met an Indian pursuing the chase, who had occasionally shared their hospitality, and consented to become their guide. After travelling till the evening shades approached, they encountered a number of warriors, attended by one who seemed to exercise the functions of Chief. His eyes were fixed on the earth, like one addicted to melancholy thought, and as he raised his brow, it exhibited deep furrows of age and sorrow. His glance was unspeakably stern, as if it suddenly met objects of disgust, or hatred.

"Our Prophet," said the guide, bending low in reverence. "He understands your language. He can interpret the will of the Great Spirit. Our people fear him."

Father Daillé respectfully accosted him,—"Prophet of the Great Spirit, we come in peace. We are told that thou revealest hidden things. Canst thou tell us aught of two wandering babes? When last the sun sank behind the mountain, we gathered our lambs into the fold, but these came not. If, in thy visions, thou hast heard the cry of the lost, we pray thee to guide a mourning father, where he may once more shelter them in his arms."

The Prophet remained silent for several minutes, haughtily surveying them. Then in a hoarse, hollow tone, he replied—

"What should the red man know of the offspring of his enemies?—What! but to appoint to the sword,

such as are for the sword, and to cast such as are for the burning, into the flame?"

"Hath thy Great Spirit," said the Pastor, "any delight in the blood of babes? The God whom we worship, saith from heaven, that 'He hath no pleasure in the death of him that dieth.'"

"Go your way," said the hoary Prophet, "go your way, and teach white men not to swear falsely, and not to steal from the sons of the forest, the lands that their fathers gave. Go, and when thou hast taught them these things, tell me the words of thy God, and I will hear thee. Since the eye of the pale race first looked upon us, we have had no rest. We ask only to hunt in our own woods, to guide the canoe over our own waters, as we have done from the beginning. But you breathe upon us with thunder-blasts, you pour poison into our veins, you pursue us, till we have no place even to spread out our blankets. We die. But we may not hide even in the grave. From thence, ye cast out our bones. Ye disturb the ashes of our fathers. Why do ye tell us that your God hath made us brethren? Your words and your ways war together. They are as the flame and the waters. One riseth up to heaven, and the other quencheth it."

The meek Christian answered,—"All white men obey not the truth. When they seek to do good, evil overtakes them, and their hearts are weak. Is it not so with some of our red brethren? Yet we despise not the words of thy Great Spirit, because some of his followers are false."

While they were conversing, a man of a noble countenance approached, who by his coronet of feathers seemed to be the king, and St. Maur addressed him.

"King of the Red Men, thou seest a father in pursuit of his babes. He trusts himself fearlessly with you, for he has heard that your people will not harm the stranger in distress. The king of our own native land, who should have protected us, turned to be our foe. We fled from our dear homes, and from the graves of our fathers. The ocean-waves brought us to this New World. We are a peaceful race, pure from the blood of all men. We seek to take the hand of our red brethren. Of my own kindred none inhabit this wilderness, save two little buds from a broken and buried stem. Last night, bitter sadness was on my pillow, because I found them not. If thou knowest, O king, where thy people have concealed them, I pray thee to restore them to my lonely arms. So shall the Great Spirit shed pure dew upon thy tender plants, and lift up thy heart when it weigheth heavily in thy bosom."

The Indian monarch bent on the speaker a scrutinizing glance, and inquired—

"Knowest thou this brow?—Look in my eyes, and answer me,—are they those of the stranger?"

St. Maur, regarding him attentively, replied,—"I have no knowledge of thy countenance, save what this hour bringeth me."

"Thus is it ever with the white man. He is

dim-eyed. He cannot see through the disguise of garments. Where your ploughs wound the earth, I have oft stood, watching your toil. There was no coronet upon my brow. But I was a king, though your people knew it not. I saw among them neither violence, nor pride. I went thither as an enemy, but returned a friend. I said to my warriors, 'Do these men no harm. They are not like the English. They do not hate Indians.' The Prophet of our great Spirit rebuked me. He brought me angry words from the shade of my buried fathers.

"Again I sought the spot where thy brethren dwell. Yes,—I entered thy house. And thou knowest not this brow! I could read thine at midnight, though but a single star trembled through the thick cloud. My ear would remember thy voice, though the loud storm was abroad with its thunders. I came to thy home hungry. Thou gavest me bread. My head was wet with the tempest. Thou badest me to lie down beside thy hearth. Thy son, for whom thou mournest, covered me with a blanket. I was heavy in spirit, and thy little daughter whom thou seekest sat on my knee, and smiled when I told her how the beaver buildeth his house in the forest. My heart was comforted. It said, she does not hate Indians, for she looked on my face, as the lamb turneth to the shepherd. Now, why dost thou fix on me such a terrible eye? Thinkest thou that I could tear one hair from the head of thy babes? Thinkest thou that the red man forgetteth kindness?

Thy children are sleeping in my tent. No hand should ever have harmed them, and when I had but one blanket, it should have been their bed. Yet I will not hide them from thee. I know a father's heart. Take thy babes, and return unto thy people."

He waved his hand, and two warriors ran toward the royal tent. In a moment, Antoiné and Elisé were in the arms of their father. The twilight of the next day bore upward from the rejoicing colony, a prayer for the heathen of the forest, and that hymn of devout thanksgiving which mingles with the music around the throne.

The bordering aborigines now desisted from interference with the settlement at Oxford. The offices of hospitality were renewed, and it appeared that quietness and confidence had been again restored. Doubtless, the native urbanity of the manners of France, pervaded, with a softening and conciliating influence, even the savage breast.

An industrious and intellectual community, thus suffered to be at rest, and expand itself, began to examine its resources, and to balance them with its wants. The elders, sensible of the value of education, for Louis 14th, amid all his faults, had taught his realm the reverence of Knowledge, dreaded lest their descendants should forfeit that privilege, or, relapsing into a rude state of society, forget to estimate it. Therefore, they continually endeavored to inspire the young with a reverence for letters. The few books which they retained, in their sudden

flight from the kingdom, and the treasures of their own cultivated minds, were held in faithful stewardship for the rising generation. The winter evening fire-side was a perpetual school. Knowledge planted by the hand of affection in the hallowed sanctuary of home, is wont to take deeper root, than "seed sown by the way-side." Parents, who write with their own pencils, lines of heaven upon the fresh tablet of their children's souls, who trust not to the hand of hirelings, their first, holiest, most indelible impressions, will usually find less than others to blot out, when the scroll is finished, and to mourn for when they read it in eternity.

In the establishment of a system of education, the pastor was a guide, an adjunct, and a counsellor. The instruction of youth, he had ever considered as one of the most sacred departments of his office. Since their removal to this new land, he felt it as involving peculiarly the felicity and even safety of his people. Apart therefore from the religious instruction which he delighted to impart, he statedly convened the youth for examination in the various departments of science, and by brief and lucid lectures imparted explanation, heightened curiosity, and encouraged perseverance. Ambition was thus strongly excited, and the processes of agricultural labor were lightened and elevated by intellectual discussions. He had the satisfaction of seeing his beloved charge initiated into the rudiments of that general knowledge which gives liberality to thought, and also of

perceiving the unbounded influence he was thus obtaining over their opinions and affections.

Madame Daillé extended the same benevolent care to the young females. Thrice a week, she assembled them around her. The studies which had been assigned to them, and their different grades of proficiency, then passed under her strict observation; and with a union of tact and tenderness, she often closed these interviews with some historical fact, or concise story, illustrating a moral principle, reproving the errors that she discovered, or enforcing the precepts of piety. To gain her approbation, was deemed a sufficient reward for every effort, and her frown was deprecated like the rebuke of conscience. It was impossible that an intercourse of this nature should subsist, without visible benefit from her superior intelligence and accomplishments; and it was remarked that these young Huguenot females evinced a courtesy of manner, and correctness of style, which are usually acquired only among the more polished classes. Yet she was far from so refining the minds of her pupils as to induce dislike to those domestic duties which devolve upon their sex. She was aware, that in an infant colony, they were severe in their nature and of imperative necessity. Her instructions required their faithful and cheerful performance. Pointing to the fields of flax, whose blossoms tinged with a fine blue, the fair vale around them, she expatiated on the excellence of those arts which could render that beautiful plant so

subservient to the comfort of those whom they loved. Hence the distaff, the loom and the needle were deemed the legitimate companions of the books that gave knowledge, or of those domestic and social enjoyments to which both industry and knowledge were consecrated.

To the energy which toil bestows and the contemplative habits which seclusion induces, the Huguenots added the softening influences of music. Sometimes a provincial ballad, or a national air, warbled by those who had learned them as cradle-melodies in their own vine-clad realm, would touch like the Ranz des Vaches, the fountain of tears. Yet it was seldom that they indulged in these enervating recollections. Music of a sacred character, was their choice. It might be called one of their occupations. It entered into Education as a science. It walked hand in hand with domestic toil. It mingled with the labors of the field. It sanctified the bridal festivity, and blessed the cradle dream. It aided the sick, to suffer and be still, and breathed out its dirge-like consolation when the dying went "downward to his dust." It was at every family altar, morning and evening, when prayer unfolded its wing, and in their rustic church it heightened the thrill of devotion, and gladdened the holiness of the Sabbath.

It had been the ambition of Father Daillé that his whole congregation, from the infant to him of hoary hairs, should be qualified to lift up in unison, the

high praises of their God. And it was sweet to hear those accordant voices swelling forth from their temple in the wilderness, while the echo of the surrounding woods prolonged the cadence, and fostered the stranger melody.

Thus peaceful and happy were the colonists of Oxford. Competence and health sprang up as the fruits of industry, and the union of physical with intellectual labor, was found to be neither impracticable nor ungraceful. There came no vision of wealth to inflate their imagination, no poison of ambition to corrode their hearts. They dwelt together in guileless and trusting brotherhood, and the pastor and Patriarch daily praised the Eternal Sire, that one soul of harmony and love seemed infused into all his children.

This was the aspect of the settlement, in the spring of 1700. It is with sorrow that we darken this scene of more than Arcadian felicity. It has been mentioned that the greater part of the lands comprehended in the original purchase were held in undivided, undisputed possession; that the harvest was apportioned without jealousy, and the herds drew nutriment from a common pasture. Ten years of peace and amicable intercourse with the aborigines had lulled their apprehensions, and with their increase of prosperity and of numbers, came an increasing demand for the means of subsistence. It was therefore deemed expedient to reduce to cultivation a large expanse of land, at some distance

from the field of their accustomed labor. Thither, one fine vernal morning, the whole effective strength of the colony was gathered. Their toil on the hitherto unbroken soil, was animated by a common interest, and enlivened by conversation which partook of fraternal sympathy. Father Daillé, who, like pastor Oberlin, took a personal interest in all that regarded his people, reminded them that the ensuing day was the fourteenth anniversary of their colonial existence, and heightened their emotions of gratitude by contrasting the comforts of their present simplicity of life, with the sorrows, persecutions, and fears from which they had escaped.

Suddenly, the report of muskets in the direction of their distant homes, filled every heart with consternation. Hastening toward their abodes, with agonized speed, many a husband and father was met by those dearest to him, communicating intelligence, that the Indians had been among them. As a fearful proof that their visit had not been in friendship, the body of Jeanson, one of the most esteemed of their number, lay weltering in blood, upon the green turf that skirted his threshold. They entered his house, and saw that the work of savage vengeance was perfect. Not one had been spared. The mother, with the infant that she would gladly have died to shelter, lay a lifeless wreck, with its mangled form clasped firmly in her arms. Two other innocents whose heads had been dashed against the hearth-stone, where they had been nurtured, left

the stains of their life-blood, to tell the story of the extinction of a whole family.

The astonishment and grief of the colonists, it would be in vain to describe. A part rushed in the direction where the spoilers were said to have disappeared, and the remainder considering this as the prelude of a general attack, removed all the women and children to the fort. At night they were joined by their friends in arms, who had through the day vainly sought to track, or to obtain information of the murderers. But they had learned, in the course of their pursuit, the alarming fact, that the king, the tried and faithful friend of the colony was no more, —that he had been assassinated for his attachment to the whites, by his own people, instigated by the infuriated prophet. Sentinels were placed, as the darkness deepened, and the elders met in consultation.

It would seem that only three Indians had been seen on this errand of death. They started from an adjoining thicket, just as Jeanson, who had been detained at home later than his associates, was departing to join them. His destruction, and that of his family, was the work of but a few moments, and they disappeared, ere the distant protectors could be summoned, or even the settlement generally alarmed.

"We will again pursue them, with the dawn of morning," said Bethu, the nearest neighbor of the dead. "We will press, with arms in our hands, through the line of their fiercest warriors, and demand those blood-stained barbarians of their prophet

The shades of Condé and Coligni shall not reproach us with suffering our brother to fall unavenged."

Boudineau spoke next,—an elder whose hair was silvered. "Their mode of warfare is as peculiar as their habits of life. They avoid every encounter of regular and open battle. Who can pursue them into their wilds with effect, or even with rational hope of return? While we strive to carry retribution into their miserable wigwams, will they not suddenly fall upon the precious pledges we leave behind, and extinguish our light for ever? Have we any mode of defence, but perpetual vigilance, and never losing sight of our habitations?"

"Who," exclaimed Pintard, "can endure this species of oppression, this spiritless submission to an abject foe, this everlasting dying to avoid death? If we are to live the lives of cowards, it were better to do so among civilized men, than to teach the free-born spirits of France to shudder and watch the skulking steps of savages, those links between animal nature and humanity."

"Our fallen brother," said Sejournié, "could not have awakened the personal hatred of the natives, he who was even proverbially peaceful and amiable. May we not therefore suppose that the situation of his house being on the outskirts of the settlement, induced the murderers to select it, as affording facilities for their purpose, with the least danger of retaliation? Is it not also probable that the absence of the men of the colony was known to them, and

that this determined their choice of time for the depredation? If there was no individual enmity, this fearful deed marks latent hostility to the whole, and a hostility distinguished by that cunning which predominates in their character. May we not consider this unprovoked act, as the beginning of a series of the same complexion? The murder of the pacific king, and the predominance of the prophet's influence, give us fearful premonition of what we are to expect."

"Let us," said Rollin, resign these lands, and incorporate ourselves with some larger colony. Our force is inadequate to cope with the tribes upon our boundary. It is better to bear the charge of pusillanimity, which this measure might involve, than to have our blood wasted drop by drop, by a foe not tangible, who springs like a lion from the thicket, or breaks with his war-whoop upon the midnight dream, or desolates the fire-side and the cradle, if the father forsakes it but for a moment."

"We came to these wilds," said Boudoin, "to worship God freely, and to live in peace with man: yet we still seem to be in warfare, or in dread of it, or as a city besieged. While we thus stand in armor, the toils by which we gain subsistence must languish or be laid aside. So, that the death which we ward off by the sword, comes by famine. To a people of peaceful creed, this military watchfulness, and sleepless dread, and continual declension, rob fleeting life of its value."

All expressed their opinions, as varying judgment or different tides of emotion dictated, and then, according to their patriarchal form of government, appealed to the pastor as umpire. He spoke deliberately, as one who felt the importance of every word:

"We know that the tribes upon our borders are formidable in their combination. Their king has, under God, been the bond of peace between us and them. That bond is severed for ever. We owe a tear to his memory, for his friendship to white men has cost him his life. The counsel of Moloch has prevailed; the fierce and vindictive prophet is stirring up his people to the utter extermination of our colony. The blood-hounds of savage war are doubtless to be let loose upon our peaceful settlement. The disaster which has now convened us, in mournful consultation, is, we have reason to believe, only the precursor of the storm—the first blast of the hurricane. It would seem, therefore, the dictate of wisdom, if not of necessity, to return to that happy city which first sheltered us, when as exiles we sought this New World. We shall there find that safety, which we must here purchase at the expense of blood too precious; perhaps, which we are even too few in numbers to secure to the helpless ones, who have trustingly followed us to this wilderness. We may there, by other employments, as well as those of agriculture, gain subsistence for those who depend on us; and these lands may eventually be disposed

of, to a colony of more effective strength, or one that may more readily command the aid of the government, in repelling aggressions of the aborigines. Brethren, and sons, I have spoken my opinion. But I am free to confess, that I have spoken it under the pressure of emotion. I am this night as a father bereaved of his children. My decision is made in sorrow. Ye, whose hearts are less bowed down, decide in this matter. Judge, and we will abide by your decision, and may the spirit of unerring wisdom preside in your council."

He covered his face with his hands, and spoke no more, till they ended their consultation. They protracted it, till the morning shone full and fair upon the green hill, and the rough, gray stones of the fort where they were assembled. After canvassing every argument, and discussing every point of feeling, the decision of the majority was in favor of immediate removal. The opinion was unanimous, that in order to avoid a recurrence of savage depredation, no delay should take place, except for unavoidable preparation and the obsequies of the departed.

The succeeding day drew near its close, when, bearing the bodies of the slaughtered family, the whole colony in solemn procession entered the humble building which had served for a church. When the dead were stretched out, side by side, in that sacred tenement, the wailing was deep and universal. The father smitten in full strength,—the mother, with her youngest born strained to her bosom

in death's convulsive grasp,—and two little mangled forms, whose exceeding beauty was remembered by all,—lay in silent and awful repose.

The man of God waited until the first waves of agony were broken. Furrows of painful thought were upon his brow, but his bearing was like one whose heart is in heaven. When there was silence, he stretched forth his hand to the people.

"Ye know, that this is the fourteenth birth-day of our village. We hoped to have celebrated it with songs of festivity. Now, our melody is mingled with the voices of those who weep. The sweet incense that we would have offered at the altar, is heavy with the odor of bitter herbs. Yet He who hath caused mourning, is also the God of compassion. He will not break the leaf driven before the tempest.

"Many thoughts press upon me to be spoken. But ye cannot bear them now. Ye come as the Israelites to their passover, with loins girded and staves in your hands, as men in haste for a journey. But go not forth despairing, though ye pass beneath the cloud. Take the Ark of the Covenant upon your shoulders. Let the wing of the cherubims overshadow you. Arise and depart, for this is not your rest.

"Serene of our Refuge!—when our own land cast us out,—thou little Zoar, where we prayed that we might enter from the storm of the Lord,—vales, where the sounds of our industry have arisen,—for-

ests, that have yielded to our strokes,—homes of our happiness, every year more dear, hallowed by the interchange of joy,—the voice of supplication,—we bid you all adieu! Holy Church!—consecrated by our united prayers, our sacred symphonies,—our hopes that rested not upon this earth, we bid thee farewell, in the name of the Lord. Wherever we wander, though our tears should drop in the fountains of strange waters, never will we forget thee, our Zion in the wilderness. Lifeless remains of the brave and the beautiful, the virtuous and the beloved,—severed branches—crushed blossoms—what shall we say?—Ah! how often will our mourning hearts recall your images, as they once were, as they now are, stretched in ruins before us.

Souls of our departed friends!—if ye have attained that heaven where the storm beateth not, where tears are wiped from all eyes for ever,—if from that clime of bliss, ye behold us compassed with infirmity and woe, teach us how slight all the thorns, the tempests of this pilgrimage, seem to you, now you are at rest. My children, what awaits it where we pitch our tents for the brief remnant of this shadowy life?—what avails it, if the angel who removeth their curtains in a moment, but find the spirit ready to meet its God?"

He ceased,—and the services of devotion rose in low and solemn response among the people. Parents knelt among their children, and with one voice invoked and blessed the King of kings. The memory

of their sorrows and fears, for a season fleeted away on the soul's high aspiration, as the pure flame disperseth the smoke with its heavenward spire. Hands hardened with labor, and brows pale with watching, the tender, tearful eyes of the mother and the babe, were alike raised upward, while they gave thanks to the Father of Mercies.

A pause of silence ensued, and every head was bowed, while the unuttered individual orison ascended. They arose, and still the pause continued. The people lingered for their wonted benediction.

"Part we hence," said the pastor, "part we hence, without one sacred melody? While the fountain of breath is unsealed, shall it not give praise to the Preserver?"

He designated a plaintive anthem, from the seventh of Job. It burst forth harmoniously, but soon the dirge-like tones became tremulous. After the strain "Oh, remember that my life is wind," the cadence was protracted, as if all melody had ceased. Still faintly, the music revivified:—"As the cloud is consumed and vanisheth away, so he that goeth down to the grave shall come up no more. He shall return no more to his house, the places that have known him shall know him no more."

The pastor listened as one who hears for the last time, sounds most dear. But the thrilling strain with which the anthem closes, commenced so feebly, as to be scarce audible. It trembled, like the sighs of a broken harp,—it faltered,—one or two quivering

voices prolonged it for a moment,—it ceased,—and the wail of sorrow rose up in its stead. Music could no longer contend against the tumultuous tide of grief.

The man of God stood up, and blessed the people, and led the way to the church-yard. There, upon the fresh, vernal turf, each coffin was laid by its open cell. Kneeling among the graves, he poured forth fervent supplications, like the Prophet of Israel, lifting his censer between the dead and the living. Tears were upon all faces, as the bodies were deposited in their narrow house. Children sobbed aloud, and groans burst even from manly bosoms, as the earth, falling upon the coffins, sent forth that hollow sound, which he who hath paid the last duties to the beloved dead, hath felt in his inmost soul, but never described.

The patriarchal teacher spoke, and into every tone his overflowing heart poured the feeling that it was for the *last time*.

"Graves of our friends!—those that have been long sealed, and those now enriched with new treasure, we thought that our bones should here have rested with you. Looking upon your turf-covering, how often have we said, 'Here shall we also be gathered unto our people!' Jehovah humbleth the foresight of man. He may not even point out where his bed shall be, when the wasted clay falleth like a fretted garment.

"Graves of our friends!—We part from you to re-

turn no more. Our steps may no more wander amid your sacred mounds, nor our tears nourish your greenness. Keep what we have intrusted to you, safe in your cold embrace, until summoned to restore it, by the voice of the archangel, and the trump of God.

"My children! what were man without the promise of the resurrection? How could he endure, when the grave whelms his joys, but for the sure hope of eternal life? How could he dare to lay down in the dreary tomb, in all the misery and sinfulness of his nature, but for the merits of his Redeemer? Ah! what would be now *our* mourning, if forced to ask in uncertainty and anguish, who will roll us away the stone from the door of these sepulchres?

"Stricken and sorrowing flock, turn again unto the Shepherd of your souls. He hath smitten, and he alone can heal. He hath dispersed, but shall again gather you into his fold. He hath troubled the waters that were at rest. But the angel of mercy still waiteth there,—the wounded spirits shall be made whole."

They turned from the place of sepulchres, and the next sun saw their simple habitations desolate. Not a sound of rural labor was heard there. No children were seen searching for the violets which early spring had awakened. Scarcely the striking of the Arab tents, produces a more profound silence, or a wider solitude. The sons of the forest roamed at

will among the tenantless dwellings, and the wild fox found in their ruins a covert for her young.

Nothing now remains of the history of the Huguenots, but a few statistical facts. The romance of their legendary lore, terminated with the abdication of their colony. From the year 1700, they became incorporated with the inhabitants of Boston. Their habits conciliated respect and regard, and their character is still maintained by their descendants. In 1713, the lands which they had vacated were occupied by a second colony, who still retained for their settlement and for the river that environs it, the names of their Huguenot baptism. The pastor Daillé, beloved almost to adoration by his flock, and revered by all around for his example of amiable and consistent piety, was taken to his reward, in the year 1715. His successor in the sacred office was the Reverend Andrew de Mercier, author of the "Church History of Geneva, with a political and geographical account of that Republic." The church, which it was the care of this religious people to erect soon after their removal to Boston, was situated where the present Universalist Church, in School-Street, now stands, and is designated in the records of that date, as the "French Protestant Church."

May I be forgiven for adding one more matter of fact, as an additional witness to the integrity of my Legend? In the Granary Burying-Ground in Boston, two lowly graves still legibly bear the simple inscription of the "Reverend Pierre Daillé, and

Scyre, his wife." Yet it is amid the fair scenery of Oxford, that we gather the strongest evidence of the truth of this narration, and most visibly commune with the images of a race, whose serene patience, and unwavering faith, render them models of primitive devotion. There, a gray-haired man has long pointed the traveller to a deep hollow in the turf, and told him, "This is the spot where the house of Jeanson stood, the French Protestant, who with his whole family were here massacred by the Indians."

The most aged inhabitants of that pleasant region assert, that within their remembrance, the empurpled hearth-stone, on which the heads of those beautiful babes were dashed, was still seen, resisting with its indelible record the action of the elements, long after every other wreck of the dwelling had perished. But among the most striking vestiges of this interesting people, are the ruins of the Fort constructed for their defence, and bearing the antiquity of a century and a half. There, within a quadrangle of ninety feet, whence the stones have been principally removed in the processes of agriculture, may be still traced, the well, from whence they drew water in their rude, foreign home. Asparagus, from the original germs of France, annually lifts its bulbous head and its feathery banner, to attest the identity of its perished plants. Fruit-trees, said to be descendants from their ancient nurseries, still flourish, and are entwined by the coarse vines, and en-

livened by the deep blush of the indigenous rose of our country, fondly striving to naturalize the strangers.

There are probably some, who will doubt the truth of this narrative, and still more, who will turn from the simple vestiges of its veracity with indifference. But there are others of a different class, who could not wander amid those disjointed stones, once the rude barrier against the ruder savage, nor explore through matted grass the paths of those persecuted and peaceful emigrants, nor reclining beneath the shades so often hallowed by their prayers, recall their firmness in danger,—their chastened joy in prosperity,—their serene and saint-like patience, in affliction,—without feeling like the Law-giver of Israel, constrained to "put their shoes from their feet, because the ground on which they stand is holy."

THE PEACEFUL LAKE.

HYMN OF NATURE.

O! BLEST art thou whose steps may rove
Through the green paths of vale and grove
Or, leaving all their charms below,
Climb the wild mountain's airy brow!

And gaze afar o'er cultur'd plains,
And cities with their stately fanes,
And forests, that beneath thee lie,
And ocean mingling with the sky.

For man can show thee nought so fair,
As Nature's varied marvels there;
And if thy pure and artless breast
Can feel their grandeur, thou art blest!

For thee the stream in beauty flows,
For thee the gale of summer blows;
And, in deep glen and wood-walk free,
Voices of joy still breathe for thee.

But happier far, if then thy soul
Can soar to Him who made the whole,
If to thine eye the simplest flower
Portray His bounty and His power:

If, in whate'er is bright or grand,
Thy mind can trace His viewless hand,
If Nature's music bid thee raise
Thy song of gratitude and praise;

If heaven and earth with beauty fraught,
Lead to His throne thy raptured thought;
If there thou lovest His love to read;
Then, wand'rer, thou art blest indeed!

THE LOST STAR.

A LIGHT is gone from yonder sky,
A star has left its sphere;
The beautiful—and do they die
In yon bright world as here?
Will that star leave a lonely place,
A darkness on the night?—
No; few will miss its lovely face,
And none think heaven less bright!

What wert thou star of?—vanish'd one,
What mystery was thine?
Thy beauty from the east is gone:
What was thy sway and sign?
Wert thou the star of opening youth?—
And is it then for thee,
Its frank glad thoughts, its stainless truth,
So early cease to be?

Of hope—and was it to express
How soon hope sinks in shade;
Or else of human loveliness,
In sign how it will fade?
How was thy dying? like the song,
In music to the last,
An echo flung the winds among,
And then forever past?

Or didst thou sink as stars whose light
The fair moon renders vain?
The rest shone forth the next dark night,
Thou didst not shine again.
Didst thou fade gradual from the time
The first great curse was hurl'd,
Till lost in sorrow and in crime,
Star of our early world?

Forgotten and departed star!
A thousand glories shine
Round the blue midnight's regal car,
Who then remembers thine?
Save when some mournful bard like me
Dreams over beauty gone,
And in the fate that waited thee,
Reads what will be his own.

HERMITAGE ON THE SEA-SHORE.

O WANDERER! would thy heart forget
Each earthly passion and regret,
And would thy wearied spirit rise
To commune with its native skies:
Pause for a while, and deem it sweet
To linger in this calm retreat;
And give thy cares, thy griefs, a short suspense,
Amidst wild scenes of lone magnificence.

Unmix'd with aught of meaner tone,
Here nature's voice is heard alone:
When the loud storm, in wrathful hour,
Is rushing on its wing of power,

And spirits of the deep awake,
And surges foam, and billows break,
And rocks and ocean-caves around,
Reverberate each awful sound
That mighty voice, with all its dread control,
To loftiest thought shall wake thy thrilling soul.

But when no more the sea-winds rave,
When peace is brooding on the wave,
And from earth, air, and ocean rise
No sounds but plaintive melodies;
Sooth'd by their softly mingling swell,
As daylight bids the world farewell,
The rustling wood, the dying breeze,
The faint, low rippling of the seas,
A tender calm shall steal upon thy breast,
A gleam reflected from the realms of rest.

Is thine a heart the world hath stung,
Friends have deceived, neglect hath wrung?
Hast thou some grief that none may know,
Some lonely, secret, silent woe?
Or have thy fond affections fled
From earth, to slumber with the dead?
Oh! pause awhile—the world disown,
And dwell with nature's self alone!
And though no more she bids arise
Thy soul's departed energies,
And though thy joy of life is o'er,
Beyond her magic to restore;
Yet shall her spells o'er every passion steal,
And soothe the wounded heart they cannot heal

A FLOWER IN A LETTER.

My lonely chamber next the sea
Is full of many flowers set free
  By summer's earliest duty;
Dear friends upon the garden-walk
Might stop amid their fondest talk,
  To pull the least in beauty.

A thousand flowers—each seeming one
That learnt, by gazing on the sun,
  To counterfeit his shining—
Within whose leaves the holy dew
That falls from heaven, hath won anew
  A glory . . . in declining.

Red roses used to praises long,
Contented with the poet's song,
  The nightingale's being over:
And lilies white, prepared to touch
The whitest thought, nor soil it much,
  Of dreamer turned to lover.

Deep violets you liken to
The kindest eyes that look on you,
  Without a thought disloyal:
And cactuses, a queen might don,
If weary of her golden crown,
  And still appear as royal!

Panises for ladies all! I wis
That none who wear such brooches, miss
  A jewel in the mirror:

And tulips, children love to stretch
Their fingers down, to feel in each
  Its beauty's secret nearer.

Love's language may be talked with these!
To work out choicest sentences
  No blossoms can be meeter,—
And, such being used in Eastern bowers,
Young maids may wonder if the flowers
  Or meanings be the sweeter.

And such being strewn before a bride,
Her little foot may turn aside,
  Their longer bloom decreeing!
Unless some voices whispered sound
Should make her gaze upon the ground
  Too earnestly—for seeing.

And such being scattered on a grave,
Whoever mourneth there may have
  A type that seemeth worthy
Of a fair body hid below,
Which bloomed on earth a time ago,
  Then perished as the earthy.

And such being wreathed for worldly feast,
Across the brimming cup some guest
  Their rainbow colors viewing,
May feel them,—with a silent start,—
The covenant, his childish heart
  With nature, made,—renewing.

No flowers our gardened England hath,
To match with these, in bloom and breath,
  Which from the world are hiding

In sunny Devon moist with rills,—
A nunnery of cloistered hills,—
The elements presiding.

By Loddon's stream the flowers are fair
That meet one gifted lady's care
With prodigal rewarding;
But Beauty is too used to run
To Mitford's bower—to want the sun
To light her through the garden!

And *here*, all summers are comprised—
The nightly frosts shrink exorcised
Before the priestly moonshine!
And every wind with stoled feet,
In wandering down the alleys sweet,
Steps lightly on the sunshine;

And (having promised Harpocrate
Among the nodding roses, that
No harm shall touch his daughters)
Gives quite away the noisy sound,
He dares not use upon such ground,
To ever-trickling waters.

Yet, sun and wind! what can ye do,
But make the leaves more brightly show
In posies newly gathered?—
I look away from all your best;
To one poor flower unlike the rest,—
A little flower half-withered.

I do not think it ever was
A pretty flower,—to make the grass
Look greener where it reddened:

And now it seems ashamed to be
Alone in all this company,
  Of aspect shrunk and saddened!

A chamber-window was the spot
It grew in, from a garden-pot,
  Among the city shadows:
If any, tending it, might seem
To smile, 't was only in a dream
  Of nature in the meadows.

How coldly, on its head, did fall
The sunshine, from the city wall,
  In pale refraction driven!
How sadly plashed upon its leaves
The raindrops, losing in the eaves
  The first sweet news of Heaven!

And those who planted, gathered it
In gamesome or in loving fit,
  And sent it as a token
Of what their city pleasures be,—
For one, in Devon by the sea,
  And garden-blooms, to look on.

But SHE, for whom the jest was meant,
With a grave passion innocent
  Receiving what was given,—
Oh! if her face she *turned then*, . . .
Let none say 't was to gaze again
  Upon the flowers of Devon!

Because, whatever virtue dwells
In genial skies—warm oracles
  For gardens brightly springing,—

The flower which grew beneath your eyes,
Ah, sweetest friends, to mine supplies
A beauty worthier singing!

"THE PILGRIM'S REST."

Pilgrim, why thy course prolong?
Here are birds of ceaseless song,
Here are flowers of fadeless bloom,
Here are woods of deepest gloom,
Cooling waters for thy feet;
Pilgrim, rest; repose is sweet.

Tempt me not with thoughts of rest:
Woods in richest verdure dressed,
Scented flowers and murmuring streams,
Lull the soul to fruitless dreams.
I would seek some holy fane,
Pure and free from earthly stain.

Based upon the eternal rock,
Braving time and tempest's shock;
Seest thou not yon temple gray?
There thy weary steps may stay,
There thy lowly knees may bend,
There thy fervent tears descend.

Has that temple stood the storm?
Could no touch of time deform?
Was the altar there so pure,
That its worship must endure?
Whence those noble ruins then?
Why the wondering gaze of men?

No. The Sibyl's power is gone;
Hushed is each mysterious tone;
Closed the eye, whose upward gaze
Read the length of human days;
Blindly darkened to her own,
Shrine and goddess both are gone.

Onward, then, my feet must roam;
Not for me the marble dome,
Not the sculptured column high,
Pointing to yon azure sky.
Let the Heathen worship there,
Not for me that place of prayer.

Pilgrim, enter. Awe profound
Waits thee on this hallowed ground.
Here no mouldering columns fall,
Here no ruin marks the wall;
Marble pure, and gilding gay,
Woo thy sight, and win thy stay.

Here the priest, in sacred stole,
Welcomes every weary soul.
Here what suppliant knees are bending!
Here what holy incense lending
Perfume to the ambient air!
Ecstasy to praise and prayer!

Pilgrim, pause; and view this pile:
Leave not yet the vaulted aisle:
See what sculptured forms are here!
See what gorgeous groups appear!
Tints that glow, and shapes that live,
All that art or power can give!

Hark, the solemn organ sounds!
How each echoing note rebounds!
Now along the arches high,
Far away it seems to die.
Now it thunders, deep and low,
Surely thou mayst worship now.

Tempt me not. The scene is fair,
Music floats upon the air,
Clouds of perfume round me roll;
Thoughts of rapture fill my soul.
Tempt me not, I must away,
Here I may not—dare not stay.

Here amazed—entranced I stand,
Human power on every hand
Charms my senses—meets my gaze,
Wraps me in a wildering maze.
But the place of prayer for me,
Purer still than this must be.

From the light of southern skies,
Where the stately columns rise—
Wanderer from the valleys green,
Wherefore seek this wintry scene?
Here no stranger steps may stay,
Turn thee, pilgrim—haste away.

Here, what horrors meet thy sight!
Mountain-wastes, of trackless height;
Where the eternal snows are sleeping,
Where the wolf his watch is keeping,
While in sunless depths below,
See the abodes of want and woe!

Here what comfort for thy soul!
Storm and tempest o'er thee roll,
Spectral forms around thee rise,
In thy pathway famine lies;
All is darkness, doubt, and fear,
Man is scarce thy brother here.

Tempter—cease. Thy words are vain.
'T is no dream of worldly gain,
'T is no hope in luxury dressed,
'T is no thought of earthly rest,
Earthly comfort, or repose,
Lures me to these Alpine snows.

I would seek, amid this wild,
Fervent faith's devoted child.
Holy light is on his brow,
From his lip are words that glow,
In his bosom depths of love
Filled from heaven's pure fount above.

I would follow, where his feet
Mountain-rocks and dangers meet.
I would join his simple band,
Linked together, heart and hand;
There I fain would bend my knee,
'T is the place of prayer for me!

THE FAMILY PORTRAITS.

Blest be that art, which keeps the absent near,—
The beautiful, unchang'd,—from Time's rude theft
Guards the fresh tint of childhood's polish'd brow—
And when Love yields its idol to the tomb,
Doth snatch a copy.——

LOVE of Fame, has been called by philosophers, the universal passion. The desire of adhering to the memory of those we love, is an integral part of our nature. We need not turn to the costly mausoleum, or the pyramid on the sands of Africa, to prove this "longing after immortality." It is equally illustrated, though on an humbler scale, by the boy, who climbs a tree, to carve his initials on its trunk,—the student, who defaces the college precincts with multiplications of his nomenclature,—the guest, who graves it upon the grotto of his host, —the traveller, who inscribes it in the Alpine Album.

Yet there is one modification of this sentiment, at which I have ever marvelled, viz,—the bequeathing of our bodily presence to posterity, in a style calculated to disgust, or alarm them. When I have gazed at Family Portraits, whose ugliness and quaintness of costume, scarcely the deepest reverence for their

antiquity could tolerate, I have wondered at the ambition to be exhibited to one's unborn relatives, in a deformity which nature never gave. It is but a doubtful compliment to the master of an ancient mansion, to be obliged to contemplate the founder of his house, perhaps the architect of its fortunes, expanded with angular joints, and an idiotic physiognomy, over several square feet of canvas; and awkward flattery to a blooming belle, to be told that the demure, ill-arrayed, and hideous beings, who stare at her from their frames, as she hurries through some unfrequented apartment, are her progenitors. Yet there are remedies for such mortifications,—a refuge in garrets,—a deposit among lumber,—the teeth of rats,—the voracious perforation of worms. So that those worthies, who in their prim and protracted sittings to the artist, trusted to have been honored as the Lares and Penates of their descendants for ever, to have been produced as the Egyptian brings forth his embalmed ancestor, to preside at the banquet, and be the chief ornament of the festival, may esteem themselves happy, should their effigies escape utter annihilation.

Why I have been led to this train of moralizing, the sequel of my sketch will unfold. The opening of its simple drama is in Boston, about the year 1722. According to the most authentic statistics, it then comprised a population not exceeding 10,000, and sustained three weekly newspapers. The exciting objects which now occupy the community,—

canals,—rail-roads,—and the transmigrations of the power of steam,—had then no existence. Had any speculator in the wildest excursion of his brain, ventured to present such visions to the grave politicians of that day, his reception would have been much like that of Columbus, when before the University of Salamanca, he broached his theory of an undiscovered world, amid frowns and threats of the Inquisition.

Still, there was at this period, no paucity of subjects for conversation: and the most engrossing one, was the contested system of Innoculation for the Small Pox. Divines attacked it from the pulpit, styling it, "an invasion of heaven's prerogative, a most sinful lacking of faith, a high-handed doing of evil, that good might come." Lady Mary Wortley Montagu had first ventured to naturalize this Turkish practice in the person of her only son; and Dr. Boylston, of Boston, who hazarded the experiment upon his son and servants, with a happy, result, was pronounced by an historian of the day, "the first physician in the British dominions, that had dared such a deed." Among the few firm advocates of the system of innoculation, at this period, was Dr. John Ranchon, a native of France. He had resided a number of years in Boston, and being in possession of a competent estate, had withdrawn from the labors of his profession. Still he could not but survey with deep anxiety the ravages of that terrible disease, which during the year 1721, had swept

nearly 800 persons from their comparatively sparse population.

But, *de facto*, our business is with this same Dr. Ranchon, and circumstances which transpired in his family, more than with any dogmas he might adopt respecting the science of Esculapius. The cause of his emigration to this country, was the expected vengeance, consequent upon a clandestine marriage. Louisé Beauchamp, whom he loved, and whose rank was higher than his own, had been immured by her relations in a convent, to prevent their anticipated union. But her favorite brother, Edward Beauchamp, favoring the pretensions of the lover, an elopement ensued, and the parties immediately embarked for this New World. The young and beautiful wife, after the residence of a few years in Boston, gave birth to an infant daughter, and died. The bereaved husband, in devotion to this little orphan, and occasional intercourse with the natives of his own country, passed most of his time, and gradually found solace. A colony of Huguenots, who, after the revocation of the Edict of Nantz, had formed a settlement at Oxford in Massachusetts, and were driven thence by an incursion of the Indians, had fixed their permanent residence in Boston. Among these he found kindred spirits, and extended to them every office of kindness and hospitality.

At the period of which we now speak,—the year 1722,—he had arrived at his grand climacteric, with robust health, and an unbroken constitution. He

possessed an irascible temper, and a decision of manner approaching to sternness, yet modified by native benevolence. Though somewhat unpopular, from his strong prejudices and disregard of courtesy, he was still treated with deference by some who respected his professional skill, and by more who rendered homage to his wealth. Especially as it became generally known, that he had an only daughter, fair, and approaching woman's estate; the discerning beaux were particularly assiduous in their attentions. He was by no means indifferent to the flattery of marked politeness, though his simplicity of heart induced him to consider it as a spontaneous tribute to his merits. Yet he could not avoid sometimes remarking, in his curiously laconic style, to Beauchamp, who continued a member of his household,—

"These young fellows are better bred than their fathers. The coming of so many French people to live here, has been a great advantage, no doubt."

His brother, more a man of the world, and skilful in decyphering its motives, would reply—

"Indeed, the young men of the city seem to bow *lower*, as your daughter Mary rises *higher*. They carefully proportion their attentions to her increasing stature, and comfortable expectations. Ever since her fourteenth birth-day, a rapid improvement in their manners has been visible. Your cane cannot drop in the market-place, but half-a-dozen white hands with rings and ruffles, are thrust forth to seize and restore the precious treasure to its venerable

owner. Ten years since, you might have fallen yourself, without a single shrug of compassion from these exquisites. Doubtless, my good brother, your fame was never fully understood, until Mary became its interpreter. Happy father! whose beautiful daughter has no employment for her tongue, so agreeable as to publish his excellencies."

But to Dr. Ranchon, who continued to view Mary as scarcely emancipated from the nursery, and who daily addressed her by his favorite appellation of "baby," the hints of Beauchamp were altogether unintelligible. He still persisted in the course which he had originally adopted, of sending her to the most expensive schools, asking her once a week how her music and French came on, and praising every flower or landscape which she produced, however carelessly executed. Within a year or two, since her uncle had reminded him that she was as tall as her mother, he had begun to inquire if she knew what went to the composition of a pudding, and whether she could "foot up an account neatly, in pounds, shillings, and pence?" This new class of interrogatories he usually interlarded with—

"Well! well! shan't marry, except to a genuine Huguenot!—remember that!"

Then patting her cheeks, as the blood mantled higher in them, would bid her be a "good baby." This injunction respecting marriage, though it might seem to be given in a trifling manner, was nevertheless decided. It was founded on the old gentleman's

national partialities, which were exceedingly strong, and was understood by his family to rank among those few positive commands of the Doctor's which it was never safe to disobey.

Mary, from the blind indulgence which had almost invariably entered into her education, would have been in imminent danger, had it not been for a large share of native good sense. This, however, was inadequate effectually to control passions naturally ardent, or to eradicate vanity which, had her looking-glass been broken, would still have gathered nutriment from the flattery of her school-companions. She possessed symmetry, though not delicacy of form, a profusion of raven hair, a clear, brown complexion, quickened by a bright bloom, and a dark, piercing eye. The expression of her countenance, varying as she spoke, would have rendered her peculiarly interesting, had not her striking features betrayed some consciousness of their own power, and the curl of her rose-tinted lip betokened haughtiness. Still, few could look upon Mary Ranchon in the early blush of womanhood, without repeating the glance; though the more judicious were compelled to temper their admiration with pity, for her early loss of maternal culture. Her self-exultation was held considerably in check, by the penetrating eye of her uncle, whom she knew to be a better judge of female elegance than her father, and whose keen sarcasms she exceedingly dreaded.

Beauchamp, though not under the guidance of that

refinement which appreciates the unostentatious virtue of the sex, if unadorned by wealth or beauty, still possessed that acute perception of propriety, courtesy, and accomplishment, which springs from intercourse with the more elevated ranks of society, and is sometimes rendered even more watchful by an acquaintance with the abandoned. Love for his niece prompted him to permit no error in manner, no consciousness of beauty which might weaken its effect, to pass without the lash of his satire. Finding herself the object of such close criticism, a salutary restraint was laid upon a deportment which would otherwise have been wholly without control; and while she shrank from the wit of Beauchamp, she respected his judgment. She could not but perceive that the partiality of her father often moved him to countenance, or even to applaud in her, actions and expressions which conscience told her deserved reproof. Sometimes when she quitted the room covered with blushes of chagrin and anger, because some questionable deed or opinion had been placed in a strong light by her uncle's bold raillery, the kind-hearted old gentleman would say—

"Seems to me, Ned, you are rather too sharp with the girl—pretty clever body, after all."

"The misfortune is, my sapient Doctor, that she is altogether *too clever* for thy straight-forward honesty. She compasseth thy path, and thou knowest it not. Thy astronomy is baffled by the "changing Cynthia in the female heart." Thou wert never

expert in computing its phases. I assure thee, that I only keep a brotherly watch over thy interests. Why, baby Mary, as you call her, with her hot-house politics, would bring a plant to perfection,—germ, flower, and fruit,—while thou wert learnedly puzzling over its botanical genus."

The truth was, that Mary had already permitted herself to be addressed in the language of love. Its foundation had been in a thoughtless emulation, a proud determination not to be outdone, as many young ladies at the boarding-school where she attended as a day-scholar, were boasting of the gallantries of their admirers. Yet as he who tampers with flame is not always certain of being able to extinguish it, she found that what had begun in vanity, threatened to end in pain. The man whose attentions she encouraged, scarce knowing that she did so, was her senior by more years than she had numbered, and no novice in the science of entrapping the affections. She knew little respecting him, except that he was called Patten, to which the title of Captain was appended,—that his exterior and style of conversation were imposing,—and that he was extravagantly praised for elegance of dress and manner, by her giddy associates. But she was also apprized that he was a native of Ireland, and consequently, *without* the line of her father's demarcation. She continually promised herself that should the affair take the form of serious declaration, to repulse all proposals and be governed solely by filial duty.

But her hand was upon the mane of the lion, and she knew it not. Her lover readily perceived that she had too much feeling for a coquette, and decided to protract his operations, until by inducing her to accept, under the mask of friendship, those attentions which belong to love, her generosity or her gratitude should at length render her unable to repel his serious advances.

His design was to possess himself of her fortune, and he saw no practicable avenue to this point, but through her affections. He therefore made his approaches with that combination of perfect respect and tender observance, against which the heart of a female is seldom proof. The prohibition of her father, which had reached him by the voice of rumor, rendered his visits at the house inadmissible. Hence their interviews were limited to the school which Mary attended, where they were imprudently connived at by her governess. She feared even to accept him as a companion in a walk or ride, lest Beauchamp, who was a man of leisure, and continually traversing the streets, should detect the acquaintance. Yet, though her lover was fully sensible of the advantage which he had gained, in persuading her to accept concealed attentions, she could not long persist in such a course without self-reproach. She endured the remorse of a generous mind, which, finding itself involved in the mazes of duplicity, gradually loses the power of retracing its path. Sometimes she resolved to reveal the whole to her father,

and throw herself upon his compassion: again she saw her lover, and the resolution vanished before his powers of fascination. With the simplicity of a first-love, she began to regard his protestations as truth, to *believe* that his felicity was indeed at her disposal, and that her smile or frown was to be the arbiter of his destiny. She became uneasy thus to trifle with the happiness of one so perfectly subservient to her wishes, and who constantly assured her that he would rejoice to lay down life for her sake. Should any grave female within the safe precincts of single blessedness, condemn this credulity, as peculiar weakness of mind, let her retrace the annals of her own romantic days, and inquire if there is no vestige of sympathy with Mary; and though she may not have partaken in her follies, let her ask if she rose wholly superior to her delusions.

Captain Patten now supposed that he had gained an eminence from whence the attack might be successfully opened. He pressed for permission to solicit her father to sanction his addresses. This was what she could not grant,—but ah! the dismission which she had always promised herself should meet such a proposal, was withheld by the hesitancy of her traitorous affections. Angry at her want of decision, she yielded to all the miseries of mental conflict,—like the man who, half a convert to piety and half the servant of sin, "resolves, and re-resolves,—then dies the same." The tumult of her spirits created a temporary indisposition, and she con-

fined herself to her chamber. Madelaine Dubelde, a waiting-maid, who had attended her mother in her removal from France, and since her death had gradually elevated herself into the office of house-keeper, and humble companion to her young mistress, endeavored to divert her chagrin by such conversation as would best have dissipated her own.

"Ah, Mademoiselle! if you were but in Paris, with that beautiful face, and that air so graceful, so degagée, you would have no time for such terrible fits of ennui. Why, you would be followed by more adorers than could stand upon the common. Not such dowdies as you see in this country, who dare not look at or speak to a young lady, when they meet her. Oh Mon Dieu! I had rather have a lodge in the crookedest part of the Rue St. Denis, than the grandest house in the whole of this mean village of Boston. I certainly have seen nothing fit to eat or drink, since I came to this vile America. I am sure I should never have become such a perfect rack-a-bone, if anything could have been found here, which a lady ought to eat. Why, dear Mademoiselle, if we were only in France, you would have been presented at court by your mother's relations, long before this,—and think what a stir you would have made among the princes of the blood! Now here you sit moping, day after day, like a creature shut up in a pound. I am absolutely afraid you will lose your senses, and I cannot see you suffering as you do, without thinking of some beautiful lines of a great

French poet, about a rose fading in the wilderness. Once I could say them all by heart, and sing them too, but I have lost my memory, and my voice, and every thing else, since I have been obliged to breathe the dull, heavy air of Boston. Why, your father invites nobody to visit at the house, but a parcel of half-starved Huguenots. I wonder which of them he proposes shall swallow you alive. I hope I shall not live to see the day. Your mother would have looked a deal higher for you. *She* was the right sort, you may depend. But she grew melancholy after coming to this land of wild beasts, and was not the shadow of her former self. You can judge a little by Beauchamp, how she once looked. *He* has not the air of these yankee bodies."

"Did my mother resemble Beauchamp?" inquired Mary, yawning, and desirous to turn the channel of discourse from herself.

"Something between Monsieur Beauchamp and yourself," replied the waiting-maid, "would be more as she was in the height of her beauty. She was like Venus, in that picture in your uncle's chamber, where Paris (I believe it was he who built the city of Paris,) is choosing between three goddesses."

"Why did not my father have her portrait taken?"

"He did, several years before your birth. I always told him that nobody but one of the court painters from France was fit to do it. But he must needs patronize the jackasses of this country. So there the

poor lady sat face to face with one of them, to please her husband, day after day, till she was ready to faint with disgust. But when it was done, O Lord! —the thoughts of it drive me mad. It was so bolt upright, so stiff, staring, and with such an abominably silly expression, so entirely out of character, holding in one hand a huge bunch of pinks and marigolds, and in the other, a book, looking vastly like a bible, which was quite as much out of character too, for she had too much good sense to put her eyes out, with poring over dull, godly books.

"When Beauchamp saw the production, he told the painter to take it with him to the devil; but your father thought it had better be hung up a while for the colors to mellow. At last it proved rather too bad even for *him*, though he did not say much about it. One day, I smelt smoke, and an awful odour of oil, and ran into the dining-room, screaming,—'Lord, Sir! the house is on fire.' What do you think I saw, but that vile picture, split all to pieces, and laid on the fire, burning with a terrible flame, and the old gentleman thrusting it in further with his cane, never speaking a word, or so much as turning his head towards me."

"How old was my mother, when she left her native country?"

"Just your own age, my sweet Mademoiselle, about sixteen. I never saw any mortal being so resplendent as she was, the night of her escape from the convent. Down she came by a ladder of ropes

from a high window, that would make your poor weak head dizzy to look up at. Monsieur Beauchamp held it firm, and carried her in his arms to the carriage which waited in a dark thicket at the end of the avenue. There was I in it, and your father standing near, and the two postilions drove like lightning till we reached the coast, where a priest performed the ceremony, and we all embarked without a moment's delay. When she was first brought to the coach, she was as white as your robe, but as soon as she found herself out of the clutches of the nuns and their tribe, and safe with me, and her lover, and her brother, she dazzled like a wreath of rubies and diamonds. If she had not shown her Beauchamp blood, and ran away just at that time, she would have been moped to death in a convent, just as you are likely to be in your own father's house."

This episode touched a chord that vibrated painfully, for Mary's lover at their last interview had urged her to an elopement, and though she had rejected the proposal with spirit, it still remained as a thorn in her memory, as a thing to which she ought never to have listened.

"Dubelde," said she, "I wish for rest. You forget that your tongue has been in motion without cessation, these two hours."

"Two hours!—Oh mon Dieu!—It is just five minutes by my watch, since I came up from ordering Bridget about the ragout. The stupid wretch!—

I dare say she'll spoil it. Not a soup have I seen in this country, that would not turn the stomach of a horse. Why, we had scarcely been here a month, when I sent to the market for some frogs, thinking to make a pasty myself, to tempt your mother's palate, for she was even then beginning to pine away with starvation. Would you believe it!—the beast of a servant never returned till night, and then came bringing a huge pot of vile, fat toads, for which he said the market-man must have six livres, having spent most of the day in hunting them. Your poor mother was not the shadow of herself, for years before you were born. And you are in the same way, I perceive. All your charming naiveté quite gone. You cannot even bear a few minutes' discourse with a friend. Ma foi!—But how can I wonder, when I am so changed myself? My nerves have been shattered by hearing of the horrid Indian savages of this country. And my eyes,—it does not become me, to be sure, to tell what was said of them in France,—but one might be apt to think that *time* had changed them. No such thing,—it's more sorrow, and weeping after Paris. More than once, when I have been walking on the Louvre, a great Prince, brother to Louis the king, has bowed to me. I suppose he mistook me for one of the Duchesses. But you must not speak of that, Mademoiselle. Lord! I dare say you did not so much as hear me, for you are dying with sleep."

Mary was relieved by the absence of her waiting-

woman, who, like many other persons of a low mind, thought to magnify her consequence by a strain of discontentment, and expatiating on the superior advantages of a former situation. Dr. Ranchon received immediate information from her, that her young mistress was in a fixed consumption, and that nothing but a voyage to France could possibly restore her. Credulous, and prone to agitation, where his daughter was concerned, he ransacked his library for authors who had written upon this disease, collected his antiquated manuscripts to search for cases within the range of his own practice, and turned the whole current of his thoughts and conversation upon the phthisis pulmonalis.

A few evenings after the communication of this intelligence, as Dubelde was assisting her young lady to retire, she began in a whimpering tone to upbraid her want of confidence.

"Madelaine," she exclaimed, "what have I concealed, which was proper for you to know?"

"Alas! every thing," replied the querulous damsel. "Have I not carried you in these arms whole years, and accompanied your mother in her flight across the tossing ocean? And now to be treated like an underling. Ah, mon cœur! *She* never would have done so. Why, here is the story of your love, and your marriage that is to be, all over town, and I never to be told a breath of it."

"All over town!—Explain yourself," said Mary, letting her long and beautiful hair fall uncurled over

her shoulders, and seating herself in deep surprise on the side of the bed, her night-robe flowing in loose and graceful drapery around her.

"O, that air of astonishment is vastly becoming," replied Dubelde; "only it brings rather too fine a color over the brow, for a lady already so far gone in a hectic. There was I, and your poor father, fretting ourselves to death about asses' milk, and how to make you put on flannel, and he was distracted to have a monstrous blister laid upon your breast, though I told him he might as well undertake to persuade you to have your head cut off. But after all, it seems that you are likely to let the doctors alone, and die a natural death at last, since all this alarm is only an affair of the heart, as Monsieur Beauchamp says."

"My uncle!—What does *he* know of this strange story of yours?" inquired Mary with evident alarm.

"Nothing that I know of," answered Dubelde, "and he never would have heard it from me, had you but seen fit to honor me with your secret. I have had grander love-matters than yours, brought me for advice, I assure you, young lady. I have had *experience* enough too, in such sort of things myself, (forcing a sigh)—to be a counsellor. But courting is nothing in this country to what it is in France."

"How did you obtain the information of which you speak?" asked Mary.

"How did I obtain it?—Oh, to be sure!—What if I should take it into my head to be as close-mouth-

ed as other people? Why, if I must tell, I obtained it in the streets, where it is in every body's mouth for aught I know. I saw the man with my own eyes, Madam. He is a perfect Adonis. I had never expected to see such grace and symmetry in this land of savages. He is the very picture of the prince who bowed to me on the Louvre, only he is rather more em-bon-point, and his shoulders a trifle broader. But such life and spirit, ma foi!—and such a fine dress,—a perfect courtier too, in speech and voice."

"Speech and voice!—Of whom are you undertaking to prate?"

"Why, of Captain Patten. Who did your ladyship suppose? I should not have mentioned his voice, to be sure; I only meant to have said, what it would be if he had spoken, for high-bred gentlemen always abound in fine words. I had been walking up Winter-street, for a little airing, as you know I have been moped to death in your chamber for more than this whole week, and I saw him coming down the mall. I could do no less than just stop to admire him, for I thought he must be some foreign prince. Who *is* that? says I. Why, don't you know? says they. It is Captain Patten, Miss Mary Ranchon's admirer. You *don't say so?* says I. Oh, the wedding-dresses are all made, says they, and she is going to settle on him the whole of her mother's fortune, because that is at her disposal. See, he wants to speak to you, says they."

"Says who?" interrupted the young lady, indignantly.

"Why, they that was with me, to be sure. People need not be so mighty inquisitive unless they could contrive to show a little more frankness themselves. Well, as I was saying, I stopped one moment, and he came directly up. *Such a bow* I have not seen, since I turned my back on dear Paris. 'Mademoiselle Madelaine Dubelde, I presume,' said he Lord! how should *he* know my name. I was abashed at such politeness, and felt my cheeks redder than a piony. 'You are, I understand,' he went on, 'a particular friend of that paragon of beauty and loveliness, who holds my heart as the fowler holds the pierced bird. Commend me most favorably to her clemency, and say'"——

"Dubelde," rejoined Mary, with all her father's sternness, which she well knew how to assume,— "either speak the truth, or leave my presence."

The narrator, regarding her eye for a moment, and perceiving that her tissue had been woven with too little art, and that falsehood could not elude the quick penetration of her mistress, laid aside the flippancy which had hitherto marked her recital, and thus proceeded,—

"Since a slight embellishment so much offends your delicate nerves, I will give you the plain fact. I was accosted, as I came from the market, by a fine-looking man, who, after mentioning his name, and inquiring earnestly after your health, begged me to deliver you this letter, and suddenly vanished among the crowd."

"I shall not take the letter."

"As you please, Madam. I shall just lay it on your dressing-table. It will do no harm there, I trust. It is a mere complimentary note, I dare say, and sealed just like the court billetdoux."

Mary desired to be left alone, and throwing herself upon her couch, ruminated painfully. She was confounded at the rashness of Patten, in thus revealing himself to Dubelde, and felt there was great hazard in trusting one so naturally indiscreet, and whose confidence she had taken no care to propitiate. Again she recalled the circumstances of her last interview with her lover, and blamed herself as the cause of his precipitation, by the anger which she had testified at his solicitation to elopement, and by her subsequent seclusion from him. Sometimes she condemned herself for evincing too much spirit; then for not assuming enough to reject him utterly.

Still she was determined not to read his letter. What could he possibly say in it, more than he had said? A tumult of thought banished sleep until midnight. She rose to extinguish the lamp which beamed too strongly upon her eyes. The letter lay near it upon her toilette. It was sealed with a head of Venus. The writing was elegant. What harm could arise from just looking at its contents? Would it not be wiser to read it, and then inclose it in a note, commanding him to forget her? Perchance, thus reasoned our mother, when beneath the fatal tree in Paradise, "she plucked, she ate." The

maiden trimmed her decaying lamp. Twice she took the letter, and twice restored it to its place, ere she broke the seal. She perused it, and it fell to the floor. Reclining her head upon her hand, while her luxuriant tresses fell around her like a veil, she contemplated its pages with an air of vacancy, and with scarcely a connected thought, until advancing dawn admonished her to retire. She rested her throbbing temples upon the pillow, but no slumber visited her. The bitterness of self-reproach, and the collision of love with duty, rendered her an object of commiseration. The letter contained ardent protestations of attachment,—deprecated the misery which the rumor of her ill-health had caused him,—conjured her to suffer him to remove the veil which had so long concealed his faithful love, and ventured to urge that if her father should prove inexorable to his prayers, she would not shrink from a step which many of the most excellent of her sex had taken, nor condemn to eternal despair, a heart devoted to but one object with unalterable fidelity. Nothing was written which had not been previously adduced, but the arguments seemed to gather strength by condensation. An eye accustomed to the vernacular of love-epistles would have discovered in this, more of studied arrangement than of artless passion, with somewhat of that style which betrays expectation of success But to a novice, with an advocate in her own bosom, the appeal, if not irresistible, was at least dangerous It rendered the writer an object of more undivided

contemplation, and the lover who succeeds in monopolizing the thoughts of an innocent heart, is like the conqueror who cuts off the channels of supply from a besieged citadel. Madelaine found her young lady in the morning, changed both in appearance and manner, and with rapture listened to the request not to divulge her secret.

"Never fear me, my sweet Mademoiselle," she answered: "it is safe as in your double-locked casket. Now you will be well again,—at least I must tell my master so, for he is in such a panic, that he will be sure to lay on a blister as big as a Parmesan cheese before night. But, Lord! how shockingly pale you look! Just touch a little of my rouge to your beautiful cheeks. Mon Dieu! how awfully obstinate you are! It won't hurt your complexion,—you may tell that by mine. It only keeps one from looking like a downright fright. The finest complexions on earth would be utterly ruined, by the vile easterly winds that are for ever blowing here. I protest that even mine is hardly fit to be seen now, though it was so much admired in France. But, my lovely creature, I am delighted that you *have* read that charming letter;" bending towards it with intense curiosity.

Mary, blushing at her faithlessness to her own resolutions, snatched it from the carpet, and pressing it together, hid it in her bosom. This was the most wretched day that she had ever passed. Compelled to counterfeit cheerfulness during the visits of

her father, in order to countenance the report of her recovery, she reproached herself for duplicity, until she loathed her very being. When she observed his eyes resting upon her with affectionate solicitude, she wished to throw herself at his feet, and acknowledge that she was unworthy to be called his child. Dreading the scrutiny of Beauchamp's glance, she excused herself from his proffered visit, with the promise of appearing below on the ensuing day. The attentions of the waiting-maid were indefatigable, and her exultation as extreme, as if she had again been promenading the Louvre, and receiving a bow from some imagined Prince. Her extravagant praises of Patten would have excited suspicion that she was bribed to his interest, had the mind of her mistress been sufficiently at ease for clear investigation. So much had poor Mary sunk in her own opinion, that not only was the impertinence of the menial tolerated, but even her suggestions accompanied with some degree of influence.

"Why, an elopement is no such terrible thing, my adored lady. Your mother did it before you, and your father, of all men, would have no right to complain. A few words before the priest, a short journey, return home, with a shower of tears, would appease the old gentleman, and then all set off together somewhere,—to France, I hope,—Ah! how delightful. But suppose, Mademoiselle, you dismiss this elegant lover, as your heart does not seem very susceptible, and so marry one of these starveling Hu-

guenots. Perhaps you would prefer one of that queer sort of bodies. Well, there 's no accounting for tastes, and every one has a right to choose their own den, as the bears say, in the fable. You 'll be set to work like an ox, and what good will your guitar or your piano do ye, where no music but the whirling of a spinning-wheel is desired or understood? You can do it, I suppose, if you prefer it, and so have nothing fit to eat, or decent to wear, and pine away and die, like your poor dear mother. But if you can't quite bring your stomach to that, what 's to be got by waiting? How long will it be, before Beauchamp will hear this news in the streets? And how long, think ye, will he keep it from your father? O, mon Dieu! what a terrible storm will be then. Much worse, than if you had eloped and got back again, for then he would have to make the best of what could not be helped, and there would be only a show of anger with a yearning heart underneath, and so delighted would he be to see you, that he would soon drop his frowning mask, and in one month's time, I promise you, would be proud of such a son-in-law."

Mary did not admit the force of these arguments, but she evidently listened to them, and on such a point, "the woman who deliberates is lost." That night, as she was about to retire, exhausted for want of repose, but with little expectation of enjoying it, she was startled at the sound of a violincello, directly under her window.

Alarmed lest the proximity of her uncle's chamber should occasion her some embarrassing questions respecting the serenade, she bent from the window, and seeing the form of Patten indistinctly by the light of the moon, motioned with her hand peremptorily for him to retire. Still the strain continued its impassioned melody. Bending lower from the casement, she said in a tone scarcely audible,—

"Go!—I command you."

He obeyed,—but again from a great distance, she caught the echo of a different lay, which was a favorite among her companions. Almost the words of its chorus seemed to be articulated, so perfect was the modulation:—

> "I go, proud heart!—Remember me,—
> Remember him, who dies for thee."

This occurrence effectually prevented her slumbers for another night, and she rose with disordered nerves, and a tremulous anxiety of spirit. Hearing that she was expected in the breakfast parlor, she hastily arranged her dress, and required repeated assurances from Dubelde, that Beauchamp could possibly know nothing of her secret, ere she ventured into his presence. He met her at the staircase, and taking her hand, led her into the breakfast-room, but forbore any except general inquiries about her health, and regarded her with so little scrutiny, that she felt at ease, and resumed something of her native hilarity. Dr. Ranchon was so delighted at her reappearance, that he could scarcely take his repast,

for the number of greetings that he had to bestow, mingled with occasional commendations of his own medical acumen, and precise knowledge of her constitution. After breakfast, at taking his cane for his morning walk, he recommended her to retire to her room, and compose herself after this first exertion of strength, and to take a wine-glass of the decoction of valerian, with a little hartshorn to temper the effect of the sedative. At his departure, Beauchamp drew her into the recess of a window, under pretence of showing her a new volume of colored prints. He amused himself for some time in pointing out the elegant execution of the landscapes, and the life and prominence which characterized the figures. While she was admiring the plumage of a bird, which she did not perceive was the Hibernian thrush, he covered with her hand, all the letters of the name except Hibernia, and said with marked expression,—"As you are doubtless better acquainted with the ornithology of that island, than your uncle, can you tell him whether this is one of the songsters which warble in the night?"

Then casting at her an oblique glance from beneath his long eye-lashes, while his fine eyes seemed to say, that her soul was open before him, he added,—

"*All* birds understand not the word of command from a fine lady, nor is the *same one* equally obedient at all times, ma belle Marié."

Compassionating the extreme confusion with which

she was covered, he drew her to a seat by his side, and attempted to turn her attention to other designs of the artist. But complaining of an head-ache, which she really had, she disengaged herself, and hastened to her chamber. Rushing by Dubelde, she covered her face with her hands, exclaiming—

"He knows it!—he knows all!—Beauchamp has discovered all!—I wish that I were hidden in the earth."

"Ma foi!" shrieked the chamber-maid, "and if that is indeed the case, you have no time to lose. This night must you be on your way, or Patten is lost for ever."

"This night!" said the infatuated girl, "seems to be the only time, for I heard Beauchamp say that he was to go to Milton-hill, on a party of pleasure, and not return until to-morrow. So that it would not be in his power to discover any movement here, and probably he will have no opportunity to inform my father before he goes. Oh! I would suffer anything rather than encounter such another harrowing, humiliating glance. That miserable serenade has been the cause of all this."

Madelaine exclaiming with delight,—"Now you are yourself again,—your mother's child,"—hastened to make necessary arrangements, acknowledging that she had already held three assignations with Patten on this subject. Mary permitted her to depart, continually repeating to herself,—

"It is impossible that I should be more wretched

than I now am," not knowing that there is no wretchedness like that which a woman suffers, who has given her affections where they can never be returned,—trusted her earthly all to one frail bark, and found the wreck total.

Most persons will condemn our heroine, for listening to the opinions, and employing the intervention of so contemptible a woman as Dubelde. Let such critics themselves beware of the *first step* in a wrong course; for who can tell where the *last* may lead? Most of us, when disposed to candor, can recollect passages in our own history, where the commendations of one whose judgment we might habitually despise, if it happens to fall in with the current of our partialities, has had some agency in determining a doubtful and important choice. Dubelde was absent at intervals during most of the day. Toward its close, she brought a letter from Patten, expressive of the most extravagant gratitude.

"Every arrangement is made," said she. "All that you have to do, is precisely when the clock strikes twelve, to come down, looking like a goddess as you do now, all arrayed for a ride in this fine moonlight. Your lover meets you at the door of the little summer-parlor, opening into the garden, leads you through that into the next avenue, where a post-chaise waits, and a servant on horseback. Then you drive to Providence, get the ceremony performed, and take an excursion just where your ladyship pleases, until you are ready to come back and be

pardoned. Oh! how interesting you'll look on your knees, with the old gentleman a little stern at first, because he'll feel obliged to be so, though he'll be panting, at the bottom of his heart, to cry welcome. Lord! how much better is this, than one of the dull weddings of this miserable country! Why, a funeral is nothing to them for sadness. There sit the bride and bridegroom, as starched and stiff as buckram, and a parcel of friends who came only to stare at them, and eat vile cake, and drink muddy wine, till they are all as dull as asses. The parson too pipes up such a doleful exhortation about honoring and obeying, and then the old women snuffle and cry, because they *know what it means*, and the young ones hide their faces behind their fans, because they *wish to know*. Then they all creep in mournful procession, two and two, to congratulate the bride, with such woe-begone faces, that she dreams of them in her sleep, and screams out with the night-mare. Mon Dieu! I could not survive, through such a stupid scene. How much better to have a little life, and motion, and spirit, and joy! And then to lay your lover under such an obligation, when, in one of these petrified marriages, ten to one but he'll think that he conferred one on you. But I'm distracted to run on so, when I've all your wardrobe to put up for your journey. Let me see: your crimson satin, and your blue negligé, you'll take by all means, and you'll need the pearl lutestring for a morning dress, with shoes, and ear-rings, and ruffles, and so forth,

to match. Will you take your best brocade? Lord! who knows but you'll be robbed by the Indians. Here's the beautiful new brown tabby, that suits your shape so exactly. You'll ride in this, I trust, with the Brussels lace tucker"——

"For heaven's sake," exclaimed Mary, "say nothing about clothes. I'll go in the plainest dress I have, and take one or two changes."

"Ma foi!" shrieked Madelaine, "you've lost your senses. But so does every body, who's in love. I shall make bold to use my own judgment, and select such things as are decent to wear. No good would come from looking like a beggar, and disgracing your lover at the very outset."

"Prevent my father from coming to my room, this evening," said Mary. "I cannot endure to look at him. Surely, surely, I *am* on a wrong course, or it would not be so."

"Now you're getting into the dumps again," replied Dubelde. "Here, take your smelling-bottle, I pray. Better do a thing gracefully, or not do it at all. The old gentleman is safe enough. He's got some of the Huguenot bodies to une petité soupir with him, and they're telling old world stories with such eclat, that they won't know what world they're in, till the dining-room clock strikes nine. Then they'll be off like the firing of a pistol, for they're so superstitious they durst not be out in the night. And your father is always in such a hurry to get to bed, and Beauchamp is out: what better could you possibly desire?

Come, be gay: you 'll affright Patten with that pale, ghostly visage."

Thus rattled on the interminable waiting-maid and Mary, whose object was to banish thought, felt even her impertinence preferable to silence. Pride, and a sense of decorum, would but a few days since have strongly revolted against submitting to the guidance of a menial; now the haughty spirit was passive both to arrangements and to opinions which it despised. "Bound on a voyage of awful length," the unhappy victim prolonged every hindrance that detained her on shore. The last hour of probation seemed as a few minutes, yet was almost insupportable. She wished to fly from herself, to plunge in the waters of Lethe,—to obliterate all the past,—to forget even her own name and existence. There was a settled misery in her countenance, which might have awakened the obdurate to pity.

Thrice Madelaine repeated, "The clock has struck twelve," ere she heeded it.

"You mistake," she replied, "it is scarcely past eleven." Fain would she have added,—"Ah! I cannot go,"—but shame at exposing such indecision to a servant, sealed her lips. At length she inquired,—

"Does my father sleep?"

"Lord bless me, my sweet Mademoiselle, are you deaf, that you have not heard him snoring these three hours, as steady as the fall of a mill-dam, and loud as the screech of a trumpet?"

"And the servants?"

"All in their lofts, like swallows. I gave them a swig of double-distilled, and I dare say, there 'll be no such thing as getting them up in the morning."

"And Beauchamp?"

"Ma foi!—Have you forgot he does not return to night? This is your only time. Do you wish to wait for his arrival, and so have your lover shot through the heart, and be pointed at, and laughed at, all your days? Oh! I know you 're not one of the sort, to enlist and run away, at the first skirmish. Collect your spirits, my princess. You are beautiful as the moon, when she peeps from some silver cloud. You have the very soul of the Beauchamps. You are equal to what the poor spiritless creatures of this country would be frightened to think of, but what is as common in France as a jewel in the head of a Duchess. Remember your mother did it before you, when she was just about your age. Think of the delight and rapture of your lover. Do you know it is believed that he is some foreign prince in disguise? and no more a *Captain* than I am? I've no doubt of it. I see a throne in his eye. Who knows but you 'll yet hold the sceptre of Great Britain in that lily hand."

Unconscious of a word that was uttered, Mary suffered herself to be led down the staircase, while Dubelde, amid all her fidgeting, and pride of direction, and fears lest they should not tread lightly, could not avoid exclaiming with her native volatility,

"Lord! I'm dead with the nose-itch." As they reached the landing-place, they heard a gentle tap at the glass door which led into the garden. It was the black servant, come to see if all was ready, and to convey the package to the carriage, which waited at the avenue passing the foot of the garden. He was admitted, and Madelaine ran hastily to the chamber of her mistress, for the clothes which had been prepared. At her return, she saw him setting down a champaign glass, which, having stood near a bottle upon a table in the recess, he could not resist the temptation of filling, and decanting through his lips. The moment she observed him, forgetting her own reiterated injunctions of breathless silence, she shrieked—

"Mon Dieu! The black whale has swallowed all my rings!—the ruby,—the beautiful emerald,—and the turquoise that was given by,—Oh, Lord!—and the superb hair-locket too! Did'nt that stick in your throat, you insatiable hawk?"

The bereaved waiting-woman had thrown her jewelry, en passant, into this casual place of deposit, that her hands might be more at liberty in packing for her mistress; for, since the access of years had rendered them somewhat more lean and skinny, the ornaments of her buxom youth were in continual danger of escaping from her attenuated fingers, when summoned to any active duty. Her distress at the rifling of her most beloved treasures, quite annihilated the unities of time and place, and her

first shriek was passionately loud. But she had scarce a moment to compute the probabilities of the extent of its echo, ere the door from the dining-room burst open, and Dr. Ranchon appeared in his night-dress, advancing a long, rusty rapier. Suddenly awakened, and anticipating no enemy but thieves, he armed himself with great dispatch, and stood forth, a formidable antagonist, with great personal strength, and equal courage. Great was his astonishment to find his daughter arrayed as for an expedition, and fainting in the arms of Madelaine. The negro, profiting by the moment of consternation, dropped the package and vanished.

"What! in God's name, is the meaning of all this?"—exclaimed the hoarse, harsh voice of the old gentleman, raised to its upper tones.

"Oh! take her in your arms,—support her, my dear master, till I run for some hartshorn, or she'll die," screamed the waiting-maid, anxious to turn his attention to an object that would disarm his rage, and still more anxious to convey her own person out of reach of the rapier. She soon saw him engaged in loosing the ligatures of his daughter's dress, and too much occupied with her situation, to inquire the cause. Carefully measuring her distance, so as to be out of the range of the weapon, she commenced a plea of defence, forgetful of the impatience which, a moment before, she had testified, to obtain some remedy for her fainting lady,—

"Oh! that I had never seen this night," she cried

sobbing. Thousands of times have I tried to dissuade her from leaving her poor, dear father. Hours without number, have I set before her the deadly sin of an elopement."

"Who told you 't was such a deadly sin, you meddling Jezebel?" vociferated the father.

Dubelde perceiving that in her haste she had touched a key to which her master's feelings always angrily vibrated, cried in a whining tone,—

"Oh no, my dear Sir!—not to elope with a proper person, Sir, such as an honorable gentleman from France; *that* would have been a glory to her, as it was to her mother. But to run away with an Irishman that nobody knows, *that* was the trouble. She was set enough in her way, God knows. She takes it from the Beauchamps. She was angry enough to have struck me, for saying so much in your favor, Sir."

"So, you knew that my daughter was about marrying an Irish devil, and never told me of it, you infernal deceiver! Get out of my house!"—rising with his unconscious burden, as if to force her from the door. But reminded of Mary's situation, by the lifeless weight with which she hung upon his arm, he changed his purpose, and exclaimed,—

"Run!—fetch the hartshorn."

"Mademoiselle has some drops in her dressing-case, your honor, which always do better for her than hartshorn. I'll bring them in one moment."

She disappeared on the staircase, muttering to herself,—

"I shan't break my neck with haste to accommodate him. Get out of his house!—Indeed!—A vile wolf! This is what people of my talents get, by demeaning themselves to such vipers!"

She lingered as long as was convenient to herself, but came down stairs with rapidity, saying—

"I thought I should never have found the phial. Things are hid in such strange places now-a-days."

But ere she arrived, she heard the old gentleman speaking in a hurried but gentle tone to Mary, who was slowly recovering from the air of the open door.

"There! there! look up again! breathe better now, baby?—don't swoon again, as soon as you see me. A'nt angry—No, no—shall marry who you please—did'nt mean you should marry a Frenchman against your will.—No, no.—May have whoever you wish, only let father know it.—That 's all.—A'nt angry the least in the world,—do speak one word, baby Mary."

This colloquy, or rather soliloquy, was terminated by Beauchamp, who rushed in at the garden-door, and as Mary feebly retired with Dubelde, still in a state of doubtful consciousness, he exclaimed—

"Clumsily executed, by the gods! This same elopement is a true Irishman's bull. A carriage in full view, beneath a full moon, scarcely a stone's throw from the house,—a tattling chamber-maid for confidante and mistress of ceremonies, and a devilish negro dispatched to receive the dulcinea. This

bog-trotter is either a fool, or desirous of being dis covered."

"How did you know anything of this affair, brother?" inquired the old gentleman.

"How do we know that our visage is furnished with a nose, instead of horns?" he replied. "Simply by the use of the eyes. I am amazed that any one could be in the house with that girl, and not perceive her change of manner,—her suppressed sigh, swallowed in a smile, like the whale gorging the prophet, and compelled to cast him forth again, her efforts to appear unconstrained, and her inability to be so. None but a doating father could be blind to all this parapharnalia; and none seeing it, and having been once in Cupid's court, could doubt the author. My eyes having opened the cause, my ears soon purveyed sufficient testimony. What is committed as a secret to school-girls is better published than if the town-crier were employed. I have long had my eye upon this jewel of a man, who imagined that he was walking in darkness, and wasting at noon-day. Not many days since, did I see this same Captain Patten presenting a letter in the streets to the most discreet and excellent Mademoiselle Dubelde."

"Captain Patten! is that his name?—why did not you inform me of all this, Beauchamp?"

"Frankly, because it would have done no good. You would only have fallen into a passion, and by forbidding Mary to see her lover, have blown up a girlish fancy into an unconquerable flame. Were I

desirous of precipitating a marriage, I would hire either the parents or some old maiden aunt to oppose it. The passions excited by such a collision, are Hymen's engines. The young lady views her lover as a martyr, mistakes her own obstinacy for love,—marries, and is undeceived. No, no, my dear sir.—I have too much attachment for the sole offspring of my favorite sister, to hazard such a result. I preferred coming in with my countercheck at the crisis, as the best method of discomfiting this rascally Irishman, and of giving Marie, through the mortification that must ensue, such a lesson upon the misery of imprudence and duplicity, as will probably save you from their recurrence."

"But how did you discover the proceedings of to-night?" inquired Dr. Ranchon. "I thought you were out of town."

"A mere bagatelle. I have not lost sight of your mansion to-day. I was nearer to your daughter than you, when the shriek of that abominable Madelaine broke your trance. It was my intention to have received the loving pair, when they should issue from the woodbine porch, in whose purlieus I was very fragrantly accommodated. Finding that an underplot was accidentally got up in the house, I varied the last act of the drama, and drawing my sword, proceeded to seek an interview with Honey, ere his ebon emissary should return to report the misadventure. He was quite comfortably watching his horses, muffled in a cloak, and did not perceive me, until I was

within five paces, and called, 'Draw, rascal!' Having some secret impression of his cowardice, I had so placed myself with regard to the gate opening on the avenue, that his retreat should not be that way. Father Jupiter! I had not anticipated that he was so complete a dastard. I did look for two or three passes at least. Yet nothing saw I, but a pair of heels kicked up in flight. As he was about to leap the wall, I overtook, and closed with him. But unfortunately entangling myself in the cloak which he threw off, I lost my sword, and we should have had nothing but a wrestling match, in which my jewel, being the most powerful man, would probably have had the advantage. This also he avoided, for giving a leap over the high wall, he threw himself 'sheer out of Eden.' Having regained my sword, I followed, taking care to secure a pocket-book, which in the scuffle had fallen from him. But finding it was hopeless to pursue the bog-trotter, though I am somewhat fleet at a race, I turned, and met his negro servant driving off the chaise. I menaced the horses with my sword, and ordered him to drive to the devil. The rest you know, and now I have considerable curiosity to see the contents of this fortune-hunter's port-feuille."

He produced a rather spacious red leather pocket-book, in which were various receipts, papers, and letters of little consequence. At length Beauchamp discovered one in a female hand, considerably mutilated, though one page continued legible, and bore a recent date.

"Cork March, 17th, 1724.

"Surprised will ye be, my loving husband, to receive a letter from me in Cork; but the last long winter was so tediously cold, and our cabin by the pool of Ballyclacklin so shackling and bad, that my brother was fain for me to be removing to Cork, where he kindly gives me the use of one half of his own house. I don't wish to be complaining too much of hard times, but would be right glad to see your sweet face again, or to receive any little matter you could send me, to help on with the children. Dick has got to be a stout boy, and looks with his eyes as you do, and little Biddy has learned from him to say, 'Arrah! when will that daddy of ours be for coming bock agen?'—I had 'nt heard where you was for a year, or thereabouts, till last week, Mr. Patrick Thady O'Mulligan, of this place, returned from Boston, in America, bringing news that you was there. He says, he was a little bother'd at first, and came nigh not knowing you, because you had taken a new name; something like Paten, or Patin, and wore a marvellous rich dress of a regiment officer. He says too, that at first you declared it was not you, but he swore that he 'd know your father's son all the world over,—and then you told him that it was you. Right glad was your loving wife to hear that you was not drowned in the salt sea, and"—

Here the epistle was torn across.—Beauchamp had scarcely patience to complete its perusal.

"Oh!" he exclaimed, brandishing his sword, "that the Powers above had suffered but three inches of this blade to sound that wretch's heart!"

Dr. Ranchon traversed the room, raving in an excess of passion. He clenched his hands, and ere the reading was concluded, had vociferated more evil wishes and epithets, than it would be either convenient or fitting to repeat. Snatching the mutilated letter, he exclaimed—

"Let her see it! Let her see it! Show her what an infernal gulf she sported near."

Then clasping Beauchamp in his arms, with a violence that almost suffocated him, he said, half in tears, "and *you*, *you* have saved us!" Beauchamp placing his hand upon his brother's arm, as soon as he could extricate himself from his powerful embrace said,—"Stay! Enough has been done for safety. There is yet sufficient time for suffering.—She cannot bear all at once.—I should not be surprised, were you to have occasion for all your professional skill in her chamber, this fortnight. This revulsion of feeling, call it what you will, vanity, lunacy, or love, cannot be without physical sympathy. This 'last, unkindest cut of all,' must be softened to her, as she can endure it. In the meantime send out of your house that walking pestilence, in the shape of a chamber-maid. A ship this week sails for France. —Furnish part of its freight with her carcase, and give thanks as the Jews did, when they were clear of the leprosy.—If it sinks, so much the better.—

Give her money enough to become a petty shopkeeper in the Rue St. Denis,—the height of her ambition, where she will soon complete the climax of her folly."

Dubelde was accordingly dismissed, the fortune-hunter vanished, and the prophecy of Beauchamp, respecting Mary, was but too literally fulfilled.—Long and severe sickness, with partial delirium, were the consequences of her folly; and though her firmness of constitution eventually prevailed, yet she came forth with wasted bloom, scarcely the shadow of her former self. This protracted period of reflection and remorse was salutary.—The fabrics of vanity wherein she had trusted, fell around her, and her principles of action became reversed.—With subdued pride and renovated feelings, she strove to atone for her faithlessness to her father, and her forgetfulness of her God.

In due time, she admitted the addresses of a descendant of the Huguenots, one in character and accomplishments altogether worthy of her affections. His elevated mind, and susceptible heart, induced her to cherish for him that mixture of gratitude, esteem and confidence, which if it pretend not to the enthusiasm of a *first love*, is something in itself far better.

It is that state of feeling into which requited and virtuous love eventually subsides; that pure and self-devoted friendship which the author of the Spectator has pronounced the "*perfection of love.*"

Each revolving year continued to convince Mary of what wayward and romantic youth are often sceptical in believing, that the illusion of a first love, in all its charm and enthusiasm, is but misery, if unsanctioned by duty, in comparison with that union of hearts, which judgment approves, which piety confirms, and whose crown is the smile and blessing of a parent.

Perchance some of my readers, if haply any have attended my lucubrations thus far, may marvel why I have seen fit to entitle them family portraits. The truth is, that two antiquated personages have for several years been looking down upon me from their ample frames, whenever I pass a particular part of our mansion. One is a lady dressed in a brown silk, with raven hair parted plainly upon her forehead, and holding in her hand a snuff-box, with an aspect rather grave than beautiful. The partner is a most portly and respectable gentleman, with wig and ruffles, pointing with a spy-glass to the distant Ocean, as if in expectation of the arrival of some richly-laden vessel. Both portraits are in far better taste than is usual for those that bear the date of more than a century: the hands in particular, which are allowed to be some criterion of an artist's style, are elegantly finished.

Having been divers times puzzled with inquiries from visitants, respecting these venerable personages, I set myself seriously to search our family records, and you have seen the result, in the foregoing sheets.

I found that the grave lady who looks as if she might have read daily lectures against coquetry and elopement to her children, was no other than the once celebrated Mary Ranchon, and that the gentleman in such undivided proximity was that Huguenot husband, who so greatly enhanced her happiness by his love, and her respectability by his wisdom. Should any person continue sceptical as to the truth of the facts herein related, he may see, should he travel in the land of steady habits, those same family portraits, gratis, and be told the name of the husband of Mary Ranchon.

AN HOUR OF ROMANCE.

"I come
To this sweet place for quiet. Every tree
And bush, and fragrant flower, and hilly path,
And thymy mound that flings unto the winds
Its morning incense, is my friend."—*Barry Cornwall.*

THERE were thick leaves above me and around,
And low sweet sighs like those of childhood's sleep,
Amidst their dimness, and a fitful sound
As of soft showers on water;—dark and deep
Lay the oak shadows o'er the turf, so still
They seemed but pictured glooms; a hidden rill
Made music, such as haunts us in a dream,
Under the fern tufts; and a tender gleam
Of soft green light, as by the glowworm shed,
Came pouring through the woven beech-boughs down,
And steeped the magic page wherein I read
Of royal chivalry and old renown,
A tale of Palestine.*—Meanwhile the bee
Swept past me with a tone of summer hours,
A drowsy bugle, wafting thoughts of flowers;
Blue skies, and amber sunshine: brightly free,
On filmy wings, the purple dragon-fly
Shot glancing like a fairy javelin by;
And a sweet voice of sorrow told the dell
Where sat the lone wood-pigeon:

* The Talisman—Tales of the Crusaders.

But ere long
All sense of these things faded, as the spell
Breathing from that high gorgeous tale grew strong
On my chained soul;—'t was not the leaves I heard;—
A Syrian wind the lion-banner stirred,
Through its proud floating folds;—'t was not the brook
Singing in secret through its glassy glen;—
A wild shrill trumpet of the Saracen
Pealed from the desert's lonely heart, and shook
The burning air.—Like clouds when winds are high,
O'er glittering sands flew steeds of Araby,
And tents rose up, and sudden lance and spear
Flashed where a fountain's diamond wave lay clear,
Shadowed by graceful palm-trees. Then the shout
Of merry England's joy swelled freely out,
Sent through an eastern heaven, whose glorious hue
Made shields dark mirrors to its depths of blue;
And harps were there—I heard their sounding strings,
As the waste echoed to the mirth of kings.—
The bright mask faded. Unto life's worn track,
What called me from its flood of glory back?
A voice of happy childhood!—and they passed,
Banner, and harp, and Paynim's trumpet's blast;
Yet might I scarce bewail the splendors gone,
My heart so leaped to that sweet laughter's tone.

GOD IS LOVE.

Sweet the sound of Nature's voice,
Where the crystal waters flow
Swiftly down from distant hills,
Murmuring music as they flow.

Sweet the breath of summer gale,
Sweet the fall of summer shower,
When the breeze of evening bears
Perfume from each dewy flower.

When, amid unfading flowers,
Ever blooming, ever gay!
Indian birds of golden wing
Sing their happy lives away;

Sweet, where Eastern climes are bright,
Ere the day begins to fade,
There to watch the yellow light,
Glist'ning through the palm-tree's shade,—

Sweet, beneath those cloudless skies,
Peace below, and light above,
There to wander forth, and feel
God is light, and God is love.

Sweet—but, ah! What temples there
Meet the inquiring wanderer's eye!
Are these Indian shrines as pure
As the breeze, the flowers, the sky?

In this soft sequestered spot,
All is lovely, all is bright;
Woods adorned with deepest green,
Mountains bathed in liquid light;

Well may such a scene inspire
Hopes, a grovelling world above;
But within those temples fair
No one knows that God is love.

Cruel thoughts, and guilty prayer,
Treacherous schemes of vengeance dire,
Wake an echoing anthem-peal,
Kindle into kindred fire.

Where the car of triumph rolls,
See their hideous monster-god!
Mark their worship—human blood,
Human tears bedew the sod.

Human misery swells the cry,
Vice and folly reign around;
While unpitied victims fall
Crushed, and quivering on the ground.

Such their worship, such their creed;
Sons of darkness, poor, and blind!
Who shall wake their slumbering souls,
Who shall tell them God is kind?

Blessed dawn of happier day,
When these guilty rites shall cease!
Come, thou Dove with heavenly wing!
Hail, thou harbinger of peace!

Shadowing o'er that Eastern land,
Showering mercies from above;
Come, and swell the tide of joy!
Come, and teach them God is Love!

THE FORGOTTEN ONE.

No shadow rests upon the place
Where once thy footsteps roved;

Nor leaf, nor blossom, bear a trace
Of how thou wert beloved.
The very night dew disappears
Too soon, as if it spread its tears.

Thou art forgotten!—thou, whose feet
Were listened for like song!
They used to call thy voice so sweet;—
It did not haunt them long.
Thou, with thy fond and fairy mirth—
How could they bear their lonely hearth?

There is no picture to recall
Thy glad and open brow;
No profiled outline on the wall
Seems like thy shadow now;
They have not even kept to wear
One ringlet of thy golden hair.

When here we sheltered last, appears
But just like yesterday;
It startles me to think that years
Since then are passed away.
The old oak tree that was our tent,
No leaf seems changed, no bough seems rent.

A shower in June—a summer shower,
Drove us beneath the shade;
A beautiful and greenwood bower
The spreading branches made,
The raindrops shine upon the bough
The passing rain—but where art thou?

But I forget how many showers
Have washed this old oak tree,
The winter and the summer hours,
Since I stood here with thee:
And I forget how chance a thought
Thy memory to my heart has brought.

I talk of friends who once have wept,
As if they still should weep;
I speak of grief that long has slept,
As if it could not sleep;
I mourn o'er cold forgetfulness,
Have I, myself, forgotten less?

I 've mingled with the young and fair,
Nor thought how there was laid
One fair and young as any there,
In silence and in shade.
How could I see a sweet mouth shine
With smiles, and not remember thine?

Ah! it is well we can forget,
Or who could linger on
Beneath a sky whose stars are set,
On earth whose flowers are gone?
For who could welcome loved ones near,
Thinking of those once far more dear,

Our early friends, those of our youth?
We cannot feel again
The earnest love, the simple truth,
Which made us such friends then.
We grow suspicious, careless, cold;
We love not as we loved of old.

No more a sweet necessity,
Love must and will expand,
Loved and beloving we must be,
With open heart and hand,
Which only ask to trust and share
The deep affections which they bear.

Our love was of that early time;
And now that it is past,
It breathes as of a purer clime
Than where my lot is cast.
My eyes fill with their sweetest tears
In thinking of those early years.

It shocked me first to see the sun
Shine gladly o'er thy tomb;
To see the wild flowers o'er it run
In such luxuriant bloom.
Now I feel glad that they should keep
A bright sweet watch above thy sleep.

The heaven whence thy nature came
Only recalled its own;
It is Hope that now breathes thy name,
Though borrowing Memory's tone.
I feel this earth could never be
The native home of one like thee.

Farewell! the early dews that fall
Upon thy grass-grown bed
Are like the thoughts that now recall
Thine image from the dead.
A blessing hallows thy dark cell—
I will not stay to weep. Farewell!

SUMMER WOODS.

Come ye into the summer-woods;
There entereth no annoy;
All greenly wave the chestnut leaves,
And the earth is full of joy.

I cannot tell you half the sights
Of beauty you may see,
The bursts of golden sunshine,
And many a shady tree.

There, lightly swung, in bowery glades
The honey-suckles twine;
There blooms the rose-red campion,
And the dark-blue columbine.

There grows the four-leaved plant "true love,"
In some dusk woodland spot;
There grows the enchanter's night-shade,
And the wood forget-me-not.

And many a merry bird is there,
Unscared by lawless men;
The blue-winged jay, the wood-pecker,
And the golden-crested wren.

Come down and ye shall see them all,
The timid and the bold;
For their sweet life of pleasantness,
It is not to be told.

And far within that summer-wood,
Among the leaves so green,
There flows a little gurgling brook,
The brightest e'er was seen.

There come the little gentle birds,
Without a fear of ill,
Down to the murmuring water's edge,
And freely drink their fill!

And dash about and splash about,
The merry little things;
And look askance with bright black eyes,
And flirt their dripping wings.

I've seen the freakish squirrel drop
Down from their leafy tree,
The little squirrels with the old,—
Great joy it was to me!

And down unto the running brook
I've seen them nimbly go;
And the bright water seemed to speak
A welcome kind and low.

The nodding plants they bowed their heads,
As if, in heartsome cheer,
They spake unto those little things,
"'T is merry living here!"

Oh, how my heart ran o'er with joy!
I saw that all was good,
And how we might glean up delight
All round us, if we would!

And many a wood-mouse dwelleth there,
Beneath the old wood-shade,
And all day long has work to do,
Nor is, of aught, afraid.

The green shoots grow above their heads,
And roots so fresh and fine
Beneath their feet, nor is there strife
'Mong them for *mine and thine.*

There is enough for every one,
And they lovingly agree;
We might learn a lesson, all of us,
Beneath the green-wood tree!

HALLOWED BE THY NAME.

List to the dreamy tone that dwells
In rippling wave or sighing tree;
Go, hearken to the old church bells,
The whistling bird, the whizzing bee
Interpret right, and ye will find
'T is "power and glory" they proclaim:
The chimes, the creatures, waters, wind,
All publish, "hallowed be thy name!"

The pilgrim journeys till he bleeds,
To gain the altar of his sires;
The hermit pores above his beads,
With zeal that never wanes nor tires;
But holiest rite or longest prayer
That soul can yield or wisdom frame,
What better import can it bear
Than, "Father! hallowed be thy name!"

The savage kneeling to the sun,
To give his thanks or ask a boon;
The raptures of the idiot one,
Who laughs to see the clear round moon;
The saint well taught in Christian lore;
The Moslem prostrate at his flame—
All worship, wonder, and adore;
All end in, "hallowed be thy name!"

Whate'er may be man's faith or creed,
Those precious words comprise it still:
We trace them on the bloomy mead,
We hear them in the flowing rill.
One chorus hails the Great Supreme;
Each varied breathing tells the same.
The strains may differ; but the *theme*
Is, "FATHER! hallowed be thy name!"

LOW SHE LIES, WHO BLEST OUR EYES.

LOW SHE lies, who blest our eyes
Through many a sunny day:
She may not smile, she will not rise,—
The life hath past away!
Yet there is a world of light beyond,
Where we neither die nor sleep;
She is there, of whom our souls were fond,—
Then wherefore do we weep?

The heart is cold, whose thoughts were told
In each glance of her glad bright eye;
And she lies pale, who was so bright
She scarce seemed made to die.

Yet we know that her soul is happy now,
Where the saints their calm watch keep;
That angels are crowning that fair young brow,—
Then wherefore do we weep?

Her laughing voice made all rejoice,
Who caught the happy sound;
There was a gladness in her very step,
As it lightly touched the ground.
The echoes of voice and step are gone,
There is silence still and deep;
Yet we know she sings by God's bright throne,—
Then wherefore do we weep?

The cheek's pale tinge, the lid's dark fringe,
That lies like a shadow there,
Were beautiful in the eyes of all,—
And her glossy golden hair!
But though that lid may never wake
From its dark and dreamless sleep,
She is gone where young hearts do not break,—
Then wherefore do we weep?

That world of light with joy is bright,
This is a world of woe:
Shall we grieve that her soul hath taken flight,
Because we dwell below?
We will bury her under the mossy sod,
And one long bright tress we 'll keep;
We have only given her back to God,—
Ah! wherefore do we weep?

ORIANA.

"Where was she?—'Mid the people of the wild,—
By the red hunter's fire.—An aged Chief,
Whose home look'd sad,—for therein dwelt no child,
Had borne her in the stillness of her grief
To his lone cabin: and that gentle guide
By faith and sorrow rais'd and purified,—
To the blest Cross her Indian fosterers led,
Until their prayers were one."——

MRS. HEMANS.

AMONG the customs which distinguished the natives of our country, ere the originality of their character became prostrated, and its energies broken, few were more unique and interesting, than the ceremony of adoption. This was the selection of an individual to fill the place of some near relative removed by death. It was more generally the resort of families bereaved of a son, and the choice was often from among prisoners taken in battle. It has been known to snatch the victim from the stake, and to encircle him with all the domestic charities. The transferred affection of parents was often, in such cases, most ardent and enduring. Especially if any resemblance existed between the buried and the adopted object, mothers were prone to cherish an idolatry of tenderness. Instances have been recorded in which the most ancient national animosities,

or deep-rooted personal hatred, have yielded to this rite of adoption. It has even been extended to the offspring of the whites, during periods of deadly warfare. When we consider the implacable temper of our aborigines, and that it was an article of their creed, never to suffer an injury to pass unavenged, this custom of naturalizing a foe in their homes, and in their hearts, strikes us as prominent, peculiar, and worthy to be held in remembrance.

The tribe of Mohegans were formerly owners of an ample territory in New-England, and were uniformly friendly to our ancestors. Their kings and chieftains became allies of the colonies in their infancy, and the bravery of their warriors aided in their struggles with the surrounding tribes. Their descendants have now become few in number, and abject in mind. A circumscribed and inalienable territory, in the south-eastern part of Connecticut, furnishes subsistence to the remnant which has not emigrated, or become incorporated with other nations. Emphatically, their glory is departed, and of their primeval energy and nobleness, no vestige survives. Yet slight kindlings of national pride continued at intervals to gleam faintly forth from beneath incumbent ruins, as embers, apparently long quenched, will sometimes smoulder and sparkle amid the ashes that cover them. One of the latest evidences of this spirit, was the watchful affection with which they regarded their royal burying-place. No vulgar dust was ever suffered to repose in the sepul-

chre of their kings. No Cambrian point of genealogy was ever more vigilantly traced, no restriction of the Salick Law more tenaciously guarded, than was the farthest and slightest infusion of the blood of Mohegan monarchy. Long after the royal line became extinct, and they were decreed, like ancient Israel, to dwell "without an ephod and without a teraphim," they guarded with fierce and unslumbering jealousy their consecrated cemetery from profanation.

Its monuments are still visible within the limits of the city of Norwich, and sometimes strangers visit with pitying interest, the lowly tombs of the monarchs of the soil. The inhabitants of that beautiful city, in whose vicinity the village of Mohegan is situated, have ever extended their sympathies to their "poor brethren within their gates." Still their Christian benevolence strives to gather under its wings, the perishing remnant of a once powerful race. Teachers are among them, of those sciences which render this life comfortable, and throw the light of hope on the next. Their little children are taken by the hand, and led to Jesus. The white spire of a simple church, recently erected for their benefit, points to that world where no heritage is alienated.

The period selected for this sketch, is soon after the close of our War of Revolution. There then existed in the little settlement of Mohegan, some individuals worthy of being rescued from oblivion. Among them was the Reverend Samson Occum, the

first native minister of that tribe, whose unostentatious fortunes are interwoven with the ecclesiastical history of that day. The benevolence of the Reverend President Wheelock of Dartmouth College, drew him from the vagrant habits of the Indian hunter, and touched his mind with the love of letters and of piety. Ten years before our Declaration of Independence, he made a voyage to England, and was received with the most kind and gratifying attention. Among the treasured memorials of this visit, were correspondences with some of the wise and philanthropic of the mother-country, which he faithfully maintained, and the gift of a library of considerable value, which after his decease was purchased by a clergyman in the vicinity. His discourses in his native tongue often produced a strong impression on his hearers, and those in the English language displayed an acquaintance with its idiom, and a facility of rendering it a vehicle for strong and original thought, highly creditable both to his talents and their application. He possessed a decided taste for poetry, especially that of a devotional cast; and a volume of this nature, which he selected and published, evinces that he fervently appreciated the pathetic and the powerful. His deportment was grave and consistent, as became a teacher of divine things, and his overflowing eyes, when he strove to allure his people to the love of a Saviour, testified his own warm religious sensibilities, and revealed the foundation of his happiness and hope.

The native, untaught eloquence of the tribe, had also a representative. Robert Ashbow was collaterally of the royal line, and held in high reverence by his people. His commanding stature and lofty brow marked him as one of Nature's nobility. He was respected by our ancestors, and when their government became permanent, was permitted to represent his people in their national council. Among their senators, his words were few. But in his well-weighed opinions, in his wary policy, they were accustomed to liken him to the wise and wily Ulysses. They understood him not. His eloquence was like a smothered flame, in their presence. It spoke not even through the eye, which was ever downcast, nor lighted the brow that bore a rooted sorrow. It burst forth only in his native wilds, and among his own people. There, like a torrent, it swept all before it. It swayed their spirits, as the tempest bends the lithe willow.

Though he keenly felt the broken and buried majesty of his nation, he cherished no vindictiveness towards those who had caused it. He had a deep reverence for knowledge and its possessors, which neutralized this bitterness. Like the tamed lion, he yielded to a force which he did not comprehend. Though by nature reserved and dominant, he almost crouchingly sought the society of educated white men, for among them alone could his thirst of knowledge be satiated. He was an affecting instance of savage pride, humbling itself before the might of cul-

tivated intellect. At times, his melancholy mood predominated, and for days and nights he withdrew to pathless forests, holding communication with none. He might occasionally be discovered, amid the crags of some scarcely accessible rock, with his head bowed low in frowning and solitary contemplation, like Marius amid the ruins of Carthage. There was about him, the waywardness of genius, preying upon itself, and the pride of a wounded spirit, which would have grasped the hoof that trampled on it, and hurled the rider to the dust. Yet there was an innate check in his own native nobleness, in his power of appreciating superior mental excellence. Knowledge had stood before him, in her majesty and mystery, and the haughty orator of the forest was subdued like an awe-struck child.

Arrowhamet, the warrior, or Zachary, as he was generally called, by the name of his baptism, was an interesting specimen of aboriginal character. Stately, unbending, and of athletic strength, he seemed to defy the ravages of time, though the record of his memory proved that he had passed the prescribed limit of threescore years and ten. He had been a soldier in the severe campaign that preceded the defeat of Braddock in 1755, and had borne the hardships and perils of the eight years' war of our revolution, with an unshrinking valor. With the taciturnity of his nation, he seldom spoke of the exploits in which he had been engaged. Yet when sometimes induced by urgency, to give a narrative

of the battles where he had fought, his flashing eye, and form rising still more loftily, attested his warlike enthusiasm.

His wife, Martha, who had, with him, embraced the Christian religion, possessed that gentleness of deportment, and sweetness of voice, by which the females among our aborigines were often distinguished. His attachment to her was evinced by more of courteousness than comported with their national coldness of manner, and was reciprocated by a tender and unvarying observance, which might have adorned a more refined state of society. Their little abode had an aspect of neatness and comfort, beyond what was often attained by the supine habits of their contemporaries. It was environed by a tolerably well-cultivated garden, and sheltered by a rude tenement; in its rear, a cow quietly ruminated. Other indications of care and judicious arrangement might have marked it out as the dwelling of a white man, rather than an Indian. A mysterious personage had been added to the family, which, within the memory of the young, had comprised only Zachary and Martha. Since this accession, many improvements in their humble establishment had been visible. Fragrant shrubs were taught to flourish, and flowering vines trained against the window. Bee-hives, clustering near, sent forth the cheerful hum of winged industry. Beds of aromatic herbs were reared for the accommodation of their busy inmates, and they might be seen settling upon them, with intense

delight, and pursuing their exquisite chemistry, beneath the earliest smile of morning. The baskets, in whose construction Martha had been long accustomed to employ her leisure, now displayed on their smooth compartments the touches of a more delicate pencil than the natives could boast, or perhaps appreciate.

The neighboring Indians had remarked, that this guest of their friends was a female, and some of them had testified surprise, and even disgust, that she was of the race of the whites. It was also observed that she seemed to be in ill-health, and seldom quitted the dwelling; but as she spoke mildly to all its visitants, and treated their children with kindness, they became conciliated and friendly. Any inquiry respecting her, received only the laconic answer,—"*She is our daughter.*" It was at once perceived that their friends wished to make no disclosures. Their right to preserve secrecy was conceded, and never more encroached upon.

The Indian yields such a point, with far more grace than his Yankee neighbors. They, indeed, admit, that a man's house is his castle, but deny his right of excluding, by bolt or bar, their exploring, unslumbering curiosity. The privilege of prying into, questioning, and canvassing the concerns of every household, and trying all men, and their motives, without a jury of peers, is their Magna Charta. For this, they are ready to contend as manfully as the barons before whom king John cowered at

Runimede. To the exercise of such a prerogative, competent knowledge of the doings of every domicile is requisite, and the power of making every body's business their own. How much espionage, gossiping, and travelling night and day, is essential to this system of policy, let the inhabitants of almost any of the New-England villages testify. In these respects, the native Indian is surely a model of politeness for them.

It has been remarked, that the guest of the aged warrior and his wife, was in feeble health. Their tender and unceasing cares,—their expedients to promote her comfort and alleviate her suffering, were truly paternal. The hoary-headed man would go forth as a hunter, or urge his boat into deep and distant waters, to obtain something that might tempt her declining appetite. He would pass with the agile step of youth, the several miles, that intervened between their settlement and the city, to procure for her some of those tropical fruits which are so grateful to the parched and febrile lip. Martha exerted constantly, but almost in vain, her utmost skill in the culinary art; she brought statedly the draught of new, warm milk, and added to her dessert the purest honey. She explored the fields for the first ripe strawberries, which she presented in little baskets of fresh, green leaves, garnished with flowers. She sat whole nights by the couch of the invalid, and was near her side at every indication of pain, as the nursing-mother watches the cradled infant. These

attentions were received with a grateful smile, or with the softest voice of thanks; but they availed little. The lily grew paler on its stem, and seemed likely to wither away in its unrevealed loveliness.

Advancing spring was now every day dispensing some new gift to the earth. Her lavishness seemed proportioned to the brevity of her stay, and each hour exhibited some bright memorial of her parting bounty. The two most delightful seasons of the year lingered for a moment on each other's boundary. They stood forth in their unadjusted claims to superiority, scanned each other's drapery, dipped their pencils in each other's dyes, and like rival goddesses contended before the sons of men, for the palm of beauty. The rude domain of the children of the forest, put on its beautiful garments. They, whose pretensions to equality were denied by their more fortunate brethren, were not excluded by nature from her smiles, or her exuberance. Through the rich green velvet of their meadows, pure fountains looked up with their crystalline eyes, wild flowers unfolded their petals, and from every copse issued strains of warbling melody, as if a voice of praise perpetually repeated,—"Thou makest the outgoings of the morning and of the evening to rejoice."

The abode of Zachary and Martha felt the enlivening influence of the season. Their fragrant shrubbery exhaled a purer essence, a sweet-brier near their door expanded its swelling buds, and the woodbine protruded its young tendrils to reach the

window of the invalid. But within its walls, was age that knew no spring, and youth fading like a blighted flower; night, that could know no dawning, and morning that must never ascend to noon.

Day had closed over the inhabitants of that peaceful dwelling. The warrior and his companion were seated in the room appropriated to their mysterious guest. Languidly reclining, she watched the rising of the full, unclouded moon, like one who loves its beams, and in gazing, contemplates a returnless farewell. The bright profuse tresses of that beautiful being, twining in braids around a head of perfect symmetry, formed a strong contrast to the snowy whiteness of her brow, and seemed to deepen the tint of her soft, blue eye. But the paleness of her cheek was now tinted with that ominous hectic flush which Death kindles, as the signal of his approaching victory. Sometimes, it lent to the eye, a ray of such unearthly brightness, that the Indian mother could not look on it, without a tear. She had recently remarked to her husband, that the form of the uncomplaining victim was becoming daily more emaciated, and her respiration more impeded and laborious.

The invalid gazed long on the moon, with a forehead resting on a hand of the purest whiteness, and so attenuated, that it seemed to display the flexile fingers of childhood. Turning her eyes from that beautiful orb, she observed those of the aged pair fixed upon her with intense earnestness. A long

pause ensued. Something that refused utterance seemed to agitate her. Marking the emotion which varied a countenance usually so serene and passionless, they forbore to interrupt her meditations. They even dreaded to hear her speak, lest it might be of separation. At length, a voice, tremulous and musical as the stricken harp, was heard to say,—

"Father, I desire to partake of the holy communion. I have not enjoyed that privilege, since leaving my native land, and my soul desires it."

"He who interprets to us Indians, the will of God," said Zachary, "is now among our brethren, the Oneidas. Three moons may pass, ere he again return."

"That may be too late, father," replied the same tuneful, subdued tone. "Wilt thou seek for me some other clergyman?"

The warrior signified his assent, and rising, took from her hand a paper which she held to him.

"Some explanation of my history is necessary, ere I could expect this favor. I have here written it, for thou knowest that I cannot now speak many words. I am weak, and must soon pass away."

Martha rose with that indefinable sensation which prompts us to shrink from any subject that agonizes our feelings. Throwing up the casement, through which the balmy humid air of spring breathed, she said,—

"See, Oriana, how thy woodbine grows! Soon, its young blossoms will lift their heads, and look at thee through the window."

"Let it remind thee of me, kind mother. May its fragrance be soothing to thee, as thy tenderness has been, to my lone heart."

Again there was silence. And then the hoary warrior, raising his head from his bosom, where it had declined, spoke, in a voice which as he proceeded, grew more audible and calm,—

"Daughter, I understand thee. I am glad, that thou hast spoken thy mind to us. Yet is my heart now weak, as that of an infant,—the heart that in battle hath never trembled, or swerved. My daughter, Zachary could lie down in his own grave, and not shudder. Yet his soul is soft, when he sees one so young and fair, withering like the rose, which the hidden worm eateth. He hath desired to look on thy brow, during the short space that remaineth for him on earth. Every night, he hath prayed to the Eternal, that his ears might continue to hear the music of thy voice. He wished to have something to love, that should not be like himself, an old tree, stripped of its branches, and mouldering at the root. But he must humble his heart. Thou hast read to him from the holy and blessed Book, that God giveth grace unto the humble. He hath asked with tears, in the silence of midnight, for that salvation through Christ, of which thou hast told him. Yet, to whom will he and Martha turn, when thou art no longer here? Who will kindly lead their steps to the tree of life? Ask I what we shall do, as if we had yet a hundred years to dwell below? Soon shall we sleep in the grave, to which thou art hastening."

"Whither I go, ye know," said the same sweet, solemn voice,—"and the way ye know. Trust in Him, whom ye have believed. Like me, ye must slumber in the dust; His power shall raise us all, at the last day. The Eternal, in whose sight, shades of complexion and distinctions of rank are nothing, He, who looketh only upon the heart, guide us where we shall be sundered no more."

Laying her hand upon a small bible, which was ever near her, Martha arose to bring the lamp, that she might as usual read to them, before retiring.

"It is in vain, mother," she said, with a lamb-like smile. I may not now say with thee, our evening prayer. But let us lift up our hearts to Him who heareth, when the weak lips can only utter sighs."

Then, as if regretting that they should separate for the night, without mingling in devotion, she repeated with deep pathos, a few passages from the beloved disciple,—

"'Let not your heart be troubled: ye believe in God, believe also in me. In my father's house are many mansions.'"

The warrior, rising to take his leave, laid his hand gently upon her head, and pronounced his customary paternal benediction:—

"The Great Spirit, who dwelleth where the Sun hideth himself, and where the tempest is born, gird thee with strength. He who maketh the earth green, and the heart of man glad, smile on thee, and bless thy slumbers."

Martha remained, to render her usual attentions to the sufferer. She dared not trust her voice beyond a whisper, lest it should wholly yield to her emotions. Still, after her services were completed, she lingered, unwilling to leave the object of her care.

"Mother," said a faint voice, "kind, tender mother, go to thy rest. Oriana hath now no pain. Sleep will descend upon her. She feels that she shall not leave thee this night. But soon she must begin her journey to the land of souls. She hath hope in her death, to pass from darkness to eternal sunshine. Weep not, blessed mother. Lift thy heart to the God of consolation. I believe that whither I go, thou shalt come also. I shall return no more. Thou, and thy beloved, shall come unto me. There will be scarcely time to mourn; for, like the gliding of a shadow, shall the parents follow the child of their adoption."

A smile so celestial was on the brow of her who spoke, that it would have cheered the heart of the aged woman, but for the afflicting consciousness, that she must soon behold it no more.

The ensuing day, the summoned clergyman sought the settlement of the natives, and entered the house of Zachary and Martha. He received their respectful salutations with benignity, and seemed struck with the exceeding beauty of the stranger-guest. After a conversation, in which he was convinced of her religious education, correct belief, and

happy spiritual state, he prepared to administer the rite which she had desired. Beckoning to her side the old warrior and his wife, she said,—

"These are Christians. They were baptised, many years since, by Mr. Occum, their absent minister. I can bear witness, that they know and love the truth. May they not join in this holy ordinance, to the edification of their souls?"

The clergyman, regarding them steadfastly, inquired,—

"Are ye in perfect charity with all men?"

Bowing himself down, the aged man replied, solemnly,—

"We are.—The religion of Jesus Christ hath taught *even us*, *Indians*, to forgive our enemies."

They kneeled around the bed. The stately warrior, whose temples had been whitened by the snows of time, and the storms of war, humbled himself as the weaned child. The red-browed woman, whose tears flowed incessantly, was not able to turn her eyes from that fading flower, which she had sheltered, and which she loved, as if it had sprung from her own wild soil. But the beautiful being for whose sake these sacred services were thus performed, was calm and untroubled as the lake, on which nothing save the beam of heaven hath ever shone. Raised above earthly fears and hopes, she seemed to have a foretaste of the consummation that awaited her. The heart of the man of God was touched. His voice faltered as he pronounced the closing bene-

diction, and a tear starting to his mild eye, attested the accordance of his soul with the sympathies of the scene.

A brief pause ensued. Each was fearful of interrupting the meditations of the other. Like the guests at some celestial banquet, earth, and the things of earth, seemed emptiness to the sublimated spirit. She dreads too suddenly to efface the brightness which has gathered around her, and which like the witness on the brow of Moses, descending from the mount, proves communion with the Eternal.

To the inquiry of the departing clergyman, in what way he might impart temporal comfort, or whether the visits of a physician were not desirable, Oriana replied,—

"I have no want, but what these kind and watchful beings tenderly supply. Their knowledge of medicine is considerable, and they prepare with skill, soothing and assuasive remedies, drawn from that earth, to whose bosom I am hastening. With the nature of my disease, I am acquainted. I saw all its variations in my mother, for whom every exertion of professional skill was fruitless. I feel upon my heart, a cold hand. Whither it is leading me, I know. To you, Sir, I shall look for those spiritual consolations, which are all that my brief earthly pilgrimage covets. When my ear is closed to the sound of other voices, speak to me of my Redeemer, and the eye that is dim in death, shall once more brighten, to bless you."

Zachary and Martha poured forth, with the eloquence of the heart, their thanks to the servant of peace and consolation. Even the skirts of his garments were dear to them, since he had thus imparted comfort to the object of their affections.

Exhausted in body, but confirmed in faith, Oriana awaited her dissolution. Such was the wasting of her frame, that she seemed like a light essence, trembling, and ready to be exhaled. Every morning, she requested the casement to be raised, that the fresh air might visit her. It came, loaded with the perfume of those flowers, which she was to nurture no more. But what was at first sought as a pleasure, became necessary to aid the struggles of laborious respiration. The couch became her constant refuge. The debility of that fearful disease, which, delighting to feed on the most exquisite food, selects for its victims the fair and excellent, increased to an almost insupportable degree. A tranquil loveliness sat upon her features, occasionally brightening into joy, like one who felt that "redemption draweth nigh."

One night, sleep had not visited her eyes. Whenever her senses inclined to its transient sway, the spirit revolted against it as oppression, anticipating the approaching delights of that region, where it should slumber no more through fullness of bliss.

Calling to her bed-side, at the dawn of morning, the aged warrior, for her mother had not quitted her room for several nights, she said,—

"Knowest thou, father, that I am now to leave thee?"

Fixing his keen glance on her for a moment, and kneeling at her side, he answered,—

"Daughter, I know it. Thy blue eye hath already the light of that sky, whither thou art ascending. Thy brow is bright with the smile of the angels who wait for thee."

Martha covered her face with her hands and hid it on the couch, fearful lest she might see the agony of one so beloved. Yet she fixed on those pale features, one more long, tender, sorrowing gaze, as the expiring voice uttered—

"I go, where is no shade of complexion, no tear of mourning. I go to my parents, who died in faith, —to my husband, whose hope was in his Redeemer. I shall see thy daughter, and she will be my sister, where all is love. Father!—Mother!—that God whom you have learned to worship, whose spirit dwells in your hearts, will guide you thither, also."

She paused, and gasped painfully for breath, as if to add more. Then, extending to each a hand cold as marble, she faintly whispered,—

"I was a stranger, and ye took me in:—sick, and ye ministered unto me. And now, blessing you, I go unto Him, who hath said, the 'merciful shall obtain mercy.' He will remember your love to her who had none to pity."

They felt that the chilling clasp of her fingers relaxed. They saw that her lips moved inaudibly.

They knew, by the upraised glance of her glazed eye, that she spoke to Him who was receiving her to himself. A smile, not to be described, gleamed like a ray of sunshine over her countenance. Bending over her pillow, they heard the words,—"joy unspeakable, and full of glory." Something more was breathed inarticulately. But she closed not the sentence :—*it was finished in Heaven!*

Deep silence settled over the apartment of the dead, save the sobs of the bereaved Martha, and at long intervals a sigh, as if rending the breast of the aged warrior. At length, he spoke with a tremulous and broken tone,—

"She was as the sun to our path. Hath she faded behind the dark mountains? No,—she hath arisen to brighter skies. Beams of her light will sometimes visit and cheer us. Thou hast wept for two daughters, Martha. One, thou didst nurse upon thy breast. But was she dearer than this? Was not the child of our adoption, near to thy heart, as she to whom thou gavest life? Henceforth, we can be made childless no more. Let us dry up the fountain of our tears, lest they displease the God to whom she hath ascended."

The day seemed of interminable length to the afflicted pair. Long accustomed to measure time by the varieties of solicitude, the loss of that sole object of their care, gave the tardy hours an almost insupportable weight. Towards evening, the clergyman who, since the administration of the communion to

Oriana, had repeatedly visited her, was seen to approach. Zachary hastened to meet him. The agitation which had so long marked his countenance, with anxiety for the sufferer, had passed away, and he resumed his native calmness and dignity of demeanor. His deportment seemed an illustration of the words of the king of Israel, when his child was smitten,—

"He is dead. Wherefore should I mourn? Can I bring him back again? I shall go to him, but he shall not return to me."

Bowing down to the man of God, he said,—

"She, whom thou seekest, is not here. She is risen. She went her way, ere the sun looked upon the morning. Come, see the place where she lay."

Departing from that distance of respect, bordering upon awe, which he had hitherto testified to the guide of Oriana, he took him by the hand, and led him to her apartment, as if he felt that in the house of death, all distinctions were levelled, all ranks made equal. There lay the lifeless form, in unchanged beauty. Profuse curls shaded with their rich and glossy hue, the pure oval forehead, which bore no furrow of care, nor trace of pain. It seemed as if the exquisite symmetry of those chiselled features, had never been perfectly revealed but by the hand of death. The long, silken eye-lashes lay in profound repose, and it was thrilling even to awe, to gaze upon that surpassing loveliness, rendered more sacred by having so peacefully past the last dread ordeal.

"It is finished," said the divine, but no tear started to his placid eye. He believed, that if there is joy in heaven among the angels, over one sinner that repenteth, there should be, at least, resignation on earth, when a saint is admitted to their glorious company. He kneeled in prayer with the mourners, and spoke kind words of comfort to them, as to his brethren, and made arrangements with them, that the remains of their beloved one might rest in consecrated earth.

Three days elapsed, and the scene changed to the burial-ground in Norwich, where a few forms, seen indistinctly through drooping shades, were watching the arrival of some funeral train.

Perhaps, amid that musing group, were some recent mourners, who felt their wounds bleed afresh, at the sight of an open grave. Some parent might be there, lingering in agony over the newly-covered bed of his child; some daughter, kneeling to kiss the green turf on the breast of her mother; some lover, passionately weeping over the ruins of the fondest hope. How many varieties of grief had that narrow spot witnessed, since it cast its heavy mantle over the head of its first tenant! How many hearts had there laid the cherished roses of their bower, and passed the remainder of their withering pilgrimage beneath the cloud! And with those mournful recollections, did no pang of compunction mingle? Can affection always say, when it lays its idol in the tomb, that there is on Memory's tablet no trace that

she would fain expunge?—no act of tenderness unreturned?—no debt of gratitude uncancelled?—no kind word left unspoken?—no heaven-prompted intention unfulfilled? Amid that pensive train, was there no unhappy heart, where the thorn of conscience must rankle, after the wound of God's visitation had healed?

Others too might have wandered there, from whose bosoms the corrosion of sorrow had been easily effaced, whose determination to "go down to the grave, to the lost one, mourning," had yielded to the eager pursuit of other pleasures,—whose once desolated shrine resounded with the worship of some new image, proving that there is *nothing unchangeable in man, save his tendency to change.*

Yet of whatever nature were the reflections of the train that thus circled the "cold turf-altar of the dead," they were interrupted by the approach of a funeral procession. Next to the bier, walked those whom the rite of adoption had made parents, the settled grief of whose countenances seemed as if deploring the loss of a first-born. Partaking in their sorrow, and desirous of paying the last offices of respect to the departed, almost the whole tribe had gathered, walking two and two, with solemn and dejected countenances. There was something unspeakably affecting in the mourning of that heart-broken race for the fallen stranger. Strangers themselves, in the land that was once their own, their humbled spirits seemed in unison with the sad scene,

and with the open grave. Indeed, every heart seemed touched with peculiar sympathy, at this burial, in foreign earth, of the lone,—the young and the beautiful,—

"By strangers honor'd, and by strangers mourn'd."

At the close of the obsequies, the clergyman drew near to the aged warrior. His few silver locks waved in the light summer breeze, and his eyes, intently fixed upon the new-covered grave, were red and tearless. Roused by affectionate words, he replied, but abstractedly, and as speaking to himself,—"She told us of the resurrection, and of Him who is the truth and the life." Martha, taking with reverence the hand that was offered her, placed a small packet in it, and said—"She left this for you; and she blessed you, when the cold dew stood on her forehead, like rain-drops."

After his return to his habitation, the clergyman perused with deep interest, the parting bequest of Oriana.

"You have expressed a wish, my dear and reverend benefactor, for a more minute detail of my history, than my weakness has permitted me orally to impart. I will, therefore, recount with my pen some of its particulars, to meet your eye when my own shall be closed in dust. It will then be time to lift the veil of mystery, when I can no longer be pained by the curiosity of strangers, nor affected by their opinion.

"You, Sir, have without suspicion reposed confi-

dence in the imperfect narrative which has been intrusted to you. You have not, as the cold-hearted multitude might have done, wounded with the cruelty of distrust, a heart long sinking beneath the visitation of God. You will not now believe, that a spirit nurtured in the love of truth, could use subterfuge or guile, when on the threshold of His presence, who 'hateth every false way.'

"I am a native of England, and of respectable, though not wealthy parentage. Among my first, and most agonizing remembrances, is the death of my father. Our residence was in a neat and retired cottage, where my mother solaced her early widowhood, by an entire devotion to my welfare. Her education had been superior to what is usually found among those of our rank, and she led me almost in infancy to prize intellectual pleasures. I can scarcely imagine a lot, more congenial with happiness than our own. Our income was adequate to every want, and that industry which preserved health, gave us also the power of administering to the necessities of others. When my daily tasks were accomplished, my recreations were to tend my flowers, to read, converse, or walk with my mother, in the romantic country that surrounded us, or to join my voice to the birds that warbled near our habitation. To mental cultivation, my affectionate parent added the most assiduous religious instruction, and to the blessing of the Holy Spirit on her guidance, do I impute it, that the foundation of my faith was so strongly laid, as not to fail me now, in my hour of trial.

"Forgive me, for lingering a little longer, around this bower of my happiness. It was the Eden of my existence. It was also the birth-place of my love. Here the strongest ardor of a young and susceptible heart awoke, and was reciprocated. The ruling sentiment of my nature, and one of its earliest developments, was a desire for knowledge. To this, our restricted resources interposed a barrier. It was the only alloy of my felicity. How could I therefore but highly appreciate the acquaintance of a man of refined education,—of splendid talents, well balanced by correspondent attainments and sublimated piety? He brought me books to which I had no other means of access, and by his eloquent explanations made the dim ages of remote history, vivid and alluring. He took pleasure in guiding my mind through the paths of science and literature, with which his own was familiar,—in introducing it to unbounded regions of thought, and in tracing its delighted astonishment, when new truths burst upon it in beauty, and in power. To me, he seemed as a benevolent and glorious spirit, striving to elevate an inferior being to his own high intellectual sphere. So strong and pervading was this enthusiasm, that I did not imagine that the youth and grace of my instructor had any agency in creating it. Love stole upon my simplicity in the guise of wisdom, and I was his disciple while I believed myself only the worshipper of Minerva. It was also evident, that he who had opened to my enraptured

view, the world of letters, loved the mind which he had himself adorned ; like him, of ancient fable, who, imparting fire from heaven to an inert mass, became its adorer.

"Authorized by maternal sanction, in cherishing this new affection, every day heightened its ardor, and every night I thanked my father in heaven, with exuberant gratitude, for the fullness of my joy. In the enthusiasm of my attachment, I regretted that the rank and fortune of my lover were so superior to my own, and wished for the power of proving by some severe sacrifice the disinterested spirit of my affection.

"But clouds were impending over the brightened scene. My mother's health declined. It was in vain that she strove to conceal from me the symptoms of that insidious and fatal disease which is now leading her daughter to the tomb. I watched in agony the struggles of a pure spirit, disengaging itself from clay. Even now, I think I hear her sweet, broken voice, saying to me,—'I leave you, not to the bitterness of orphanage, but to the protection of one who loves, and is beloved by, the orphan's God.' The stream of life flowed on so placidly, when about to join the ocean of Eternity, that we dreaded by any turbid mixture of earth to disturb its purity, or interrupt its repose. We therefore forbore to mention to her the opposition to our union, which had arisen on the part of his father, whose pride repelled the thought of such alliance with a cottager. Find-

ing, in this case, a departure from the implicit obedience that he had heretofore received, he resorted to threats, and to unkindness. His sudden death, which took place just before that of my mother, confirmed the truth of his menaces, by disinheritance. To me, this patrimonial exclusion scarcely bore a feature of adversity; since it permitted the proof that mercenary motives had no agency in my love. Even the intelligence at which I should once have shuddered, that his only resource was to join the army under Lord Cornwallis, then in America, was received with scarcely a pang; for I felt that my oft-repeated wish, to evince the strength of my affection by the sacrifices it was capable of enduring, might now be fulfilled.

"The holy service of the altar, my sainted mother's obsequies, and the farewell to our cottage, followed each other in such rapid succession, that, lost in a bewildering dream, I seemed incapable of fully realizing either. Yet methought, our peaceful retreat had never worn so many charms, as at the moment of quitting it for ever. Its roses and woodbines displayed all their freshness, breathed all their fragrance. The surrounding lawn was like the richest velvet, and the birds whom I had loved as companions, poured from the verdant branches, music too joyous for a parting strain. The records of childhood's deep happiness were still vivid wherever I turned, for my seventeenth birth-day had scarcely past. Every path, where a departed mother's step

had trod,—every haunt which her taste had decorated,—every vine that her hand had trained, spoke to me in the voice of deep, tender, lingering affection. Once, I should have exclaimed, with a burst of bitter weeping,—'And must I leave thee, Paradise?' But I went without a tear. He, who was all the world to me, was by my side. His arm supported me, and methought all paths were alike, and every thorn pointless, to one thus sustained. Methought, I could be a homeless wanderer over earth's face, and murmur not.

"I will not detain you, reverend sir, with the details of our voyage, or the privations of a life spent in camps. Like the servitude of the patriarch, whose seven years were measured by love, they seemed to me as nothing. Yet during the conflicts which occurred in fields of blood, my wretchedness was inexpressible. It was then that, imploring protection for my husband, I first understood what is meant by the 'agony of prayer.' He was ambitious to stand foremost in the ranks of danger, and his valor gained him promotion. When called by his duty to posts of peril, and I besought him to be careful of life, *for my sake*, he would reply with that firm piety which ever characterized him; 'Is not my protector the God of battles? is he not, also, the God of the widow?'

"But from the scenery of war, I have ever shrunk. And now my trembling hand and fluttering heart admonish me to be brief. Seldom has one who pos-

sessed such a native aversion to all the varieties of strife, such an instinctive horror at the effusion of blood, been appointed to share the fortunes of war. During the investment of Yorktown, in the autumn of 1781, my husband was almost constantly divided from me, by the duties of his station. Even the minutest scenes of that eventful period, are graven on my memory, as with the point of a diamond.

"The affairs of the English army, every day assumed a more gloomy and ominous aspect. The ships of France, anchored at the mouth of York river, prevented our receiving supplies through that channel, or aid from Sir Henry Clinton, who, in New-York, anxiously awaited our destiny. Despair sat on the countenance of Cornwallis; and Tarleton, who had hitherto poured his intrepid soul into the enterprise, was suffering dejection from a painful wound. The fortifications of the allied French and Americans were every day brought nearer to us. They spread themselves in the form of a crescent, cutting off our communication with the adjacent country. The last night of my residence in that fatal spot, I was peculiarly distressed with fears for my sole earthly stay. I ascended to the roof of the house, to take an unbroken view of that glorious firmament, which had so often led my soul from the woes of earth, to contemplations of heaven. But the thunder of a terrible cannonade riveted my attention to terrestrial scenes. The whole peninsula seemed to tremble, beneath the enginery of war. Bombs,

from the batteries of both armies, were continually crossing each other's path. Like meteors, their luminous trains traversed the skies, with awful sublimity.—Sometimes, I heard a sound, as of the hissing of a thousand serpents, when in their fall they excavated the earth, and rent in atoms whatever opposed them. Once, I saw severed and mangled limbs from the British armaments thrown high into the air, by their explosion. I fancied a groan of agony in the voice that I loved, and listened till sensation forsook me.

Suddenly a column of flame arose from the bosom of the river. It was of ineffable brightness. Methought, even the waters fed it, and it spread wider, and ascended higher and higher, as if doubtful whether first to enfold the earth, or the heavens. Two smaller furnaces burst forth near it, breathing, like their terrible parent, intense fires, beautiful and dreadful. I gazed, till the waters glowed in one dazzling expanse, and I knew not but the Almighty, in wrath at the wickedness of man, was about to kindle around him an ocean of flame, as he once whelmed him with a deluge of waters.

"But nothing could hush the incessant roar of those engines of death. I wondered if man would continue to pursue his brother, with unrelenting hatred, even to the conflagration of the day of doom? When the influence of an excited imagination had subsided, I discovered that this splendid and awful pageant was the burning of the Charon, one of our

lofty ships of war, with two smaller vessels, at anchor in the river, which had taken fire from the French battery.

"Chilled by the dampness of the night air, I descended from my post of observation, and threw myself on my sleepless couch. My health had long suffered for want of exercise in the open air, from which I was precluded by the impossibility of having the company and protection of my husband. At the close of the ensuing day, he was dismissed for a time from military duty, and entered his apartment. It was on Sunday,—October 14th,—misery has stamped the date indelibly on my soul. He proposed a walk, to which I gladly assented, and mentioned as the safest means of prolonging it to any considerable length, in streets thronged with soldiers, a wish that I should array myself in a suit of his military apparel. Yielding to his reasoning, I assumed this disguise, and we pressed onward, admiring the autumn scenery, which in the American climate is so peculiarly brilliant. We indulged in discourse, which selected from the past the most soothing recollections, and gilded the future with the illusions of hope. We followed the course of the fortifications, until unconsciously we had passed our last redoubt. Suddenly, we heard the trampling of many feet. The uniform of the French and Americans was the next moment visible through the trees that skirted our path. My husband had scarcely time to draw his sword, ere a volley of shot was poured upon us. A

bullet pierced his breast, and he fell lifeless by my side. I fell with him, senseless as himself. I recovered from my swoon, only to mourn that I survived, and to feel more than the bitterness of death.

"Sometimes I imagined that he returned the pressure of my hand; but it was only the trickling of his blood through my own. Again, I fancied that he sighed; but it was the breath of the hollow wind through the reeds where his head lay. I heard the horrible uproar of the war, in the neighboring redoubts,—the roar of cannon,—the clash of arms,—the cry of the combatants. I knew that the enemy were near. But I attempted not to fly. What had I to lose?—What more remained to me?—That one dead body, was my *all the world*.—I fell upon it.—I supplicated to be made like unto it.

"A band of men rushed by, speaking in uncouth tones. I knew that they were savages. Then I wished to escape, to hide myself. Yet, but a moment before, like him who despaired for his smitten gourd, I had exclaimed,—'Take now away my life, I pray thee; for it is better for me to die than to live.' Suddenly they discovered, and made me their captive. I expected to have been borne to the American camp. But they continued to travel throughout the night. From their conversation I learned that two redoubts had been stormed by the French and Americans, with desperate valor. This was the daring action, in which La Fayette led on the Americans, and De Viomenil the French, and which preceded but four

days the surrender of Cornwallis. The party by whom my husband had fallen, was the advance-guard, under Colonel Hamilton, and I was the prisoner of a small number of Indians, headed by a Delaware chief. It seemed that they were connected with some embassy sent to discover the state of affairs at Yorktown, and were not personally engaged in this rencounter. Thus was I at the mercy of beings, at whom I had ever shuddered as the most savage of mankind. I followed them as we roam in some terrible dream, when motion is without volition, and consciousness is misery. Stupified with grief, my mind was for many days inadequate to the full sense of its wretchedness. My captors, so far from testifying the brutality that I had feared, were attentive to my wants, and, in some degree, studious of my comfort. I exerted myself to endure hardship as unshrinkingly as possible, dreading lest they should suspect my disguise; but they referred my comparative weakness to the effects of a civilization which they decried, and occasionally satirized the effeminacy of British officers.

"When I began to arouse from the stupor which the whelming torrent of my afflictions had caused, a dreadful apprehension took possession of my mind. I imagined that they were guarding my life with such care, in order to make me the victim of their savage torture. This terror obtained predominance over my grief. When I lay down to sleep in the forests, wrapped closely in my blanket, and surrounded by

those rugged and red-browed warriors, though wearied to exhaustion with the travel of the day, no slumber visited me. Plans of escape occupied every night; yet every day revealed their impracticability. During this season of excitement, I was scarcely sensible of fatigue. My strength more than equalled the labor imposed; so much is the mind able to rule its terrestrial companion.

"I observed that my captors, in their journey, avoided the more populous settlements, and seemed to regard the whites either as intruders, or doubtful friends. On their arrival at a large town in Pennsylvania, they directed me to pass through the suburbs with a guard of four men, evidently fearing that some facility of escape might be afforded, if I attracted the notice of strangers. Those who entered the town, rejoined us with demonstrations of extravagant joy, bringing news that the surrender of Cornwallis had taken place on the 18th of October, and that peace was confidently expected. Pressing on with unusual rapidity, they prepared to pass the night within the borders of an extensive forest. Here they kindled a fire, and conversed long in their own language. Their gestures became violent, and their eyes were often bent on me, with an expression of savage fierceness.

"At length, louder words, as of conflict, arose between the Mohegans and Delawares, of which the company was composed. I believed that the strife was respecting the question of torture, and that my

hour had come. An aged warrior of the former tribe sat solitary, and taking no part in the contest, but observing its progress with extreme attention. He avoided the spirituous liquors, with which the others were becoming inflamed, as if reserving himself for action in some critical juncture. I thought that he had heretofore regarded me with pitying eyes, and I said mentally, Is it possible that heaven will raise me up a friend, among savages? I remembered that he was called Arrowhamet, and was respected for courage and wisdom. When the conflict grew violent, he arose and approached the Delaware chieftain. During their conversation, which was grave and earnest, both parties preserved silence. When they separated, the Delawares murmured hoarsely. But their chief silenced them with the simple argument,—

"'Arrowhamet is old.—He hath fought bravely. His temples are white as the snows of the Alleghany.—Young men must submit to the warrior who weareth the crown of time.'

"They commenced their war-dance, and in its maddening excitement, and the fumes of intoxication, merged the chagrin of their disappointment. It was past midnight, ere they lay down to sleep. When all around was silent, Arrowhamet spoke in a low tone. He urged me to compose my mind, and be at rest, assuring me that the danger was past. It was impossible for me to find repose. I saw also that my aged guardian slept not. His eyes were

raised upward, as if contemplating the Maker of that majestic arch, where a few stars faintly beamed. *Can it be*, said I silently, *that an Indian thinks of God?* Ah! I knew not then, of what deep devotion their souls were susceptible.

"Judge, with what fearful consternation, I was startled from my reverie, by hearing Arrowhamet pronounce the name of Oriana! Breathless with emotion, I was unable to reply, and he proceeded,—

"'Wherefore fearest thou to sleep?—Thou art redeemed from death.—No evil shall touch thee.—Believe what the old warrior hath spoken, and rest in peace.'

"'Why do you call me Oriana?' I inquired, trembling with astonishment.

"'Didst thou think that the eye of Arrowhamet was too dim to read thy brow?—his heart so old, as to forget the hand that had given him bread?'

"'Am I then known to your companions, also?' I asked.

"'No thought save mine hath comprehended thee. To all other eyes, thy disguise is truth. My breast shall be as the bars of the grave to my secret.'

"'How have you obtained this knowledge? and what words did you speak about my having given you food?'

"'I knew that face,' he answered tenderly, 'when the torches first gleamed upon it, amid the shouts of war. It was deadly pale. But how could I forget the face of her, that had given me bread? Thou

sayest, *when have I fed thee?* So will the righteous ask of their Lord, at the last day. Thou writest the traces of thy bounty in the sand. But the famished prisoner graveth them in the rock for ever. I was with the men of Colonel Buford, on the waters of the Santee river, when out of four hundred, scarcely a fourth part escaped the sword of Tarleton. I saw an hundred hands of brave men raised to implore mercy. The next moment they were stricken off by the sabres of the horsemen who trampled on their bodies. But why tell I *thee* tales of blood, whose heart is as tender as that of the weaned infant? I have said, that a few were saved. With them, I went into captivity. Some pined away, and died in their sorrows. Seventeen moons have since looked upon their graves. Rememberest thou an old Indian, who once leaned against a tree, near thy tent? He leaned there, because he was weak, and his flesh wasted by famine. He asked not for bread. Yet thou gavest it to him. And so, thou rememberest him not?—Well!—Thou canst never forget the youth who stood beside thee, in the door of thy tent. His voice was like the flutes of his own country, when he said, Oriana. But how did I see him next? His beautiful forehead was cold, and his noble breast red with his own blood. I saw thee, also. Thou wert as one dead. But I could not be mistaken in the hand that had given me bread. I determined to take thee from my people, that I might feed thee when thou didst hunger, and be thy staff

when thou wert weary. For this have I labored. My desire is accomplished, and thou art safe from harm.'

"'Was I then right, in supposing myself destined to the torture?'

"'The chief had promised that this night, his people should avenge on thee, their young men, who had been slain in battle. The Delawares were bent upon thy death. Their eyes were fierce, and their brows wrathful, that I rescued thee. It was with difficulty, that thou wert delivered. The Indian is taught to submit to the hoary head. But they continually replied,—'Our mightiest have fallen before the warriors of his country. Two sons of our Sachem were cut in pieces by their swords. The blood of the brave cries for vengeance. If it is not appeased by the death of this man, ere the rising of the dawn, will not their souls frown on us for ever?'"

"'But how were you able to overrule their purpose?'—Hesitating for a moment, he replied,—

"'The natives of this country have a custom, of which thou art ignorant. He who is deprived of a near relative, in battle, or by disease, is permitted to fill the void, from among the prisoners of war, or the victims of torture. This is the rite of adoption. It is held sacred among us all. It has given freedom to the captive, when the flame was scorching his vitals. Without the force of this claim, I could not have saved thee. Long was the footstep of Death nearer to thee than mine.'

"Pausing, he added, in a tone of great tenderness,—

"'I had once a daughter.—An only one, as the apple of mine eye. But she faded. She went down to the grave, while she was blossoming into womanhood.'

"There was long silence. Afterwards, I expressed my gratitude to my deliverer.

"'Daughter, rest in peace. I watch over thee. I have prayed the Great Spirit, that I may lead thee in safety to my home, and put thy hand into the hand of my wife. Knowest thou, why she will love thee?—why the tears will cover her face, when she looketh upon thee? Because thou wilt remind her of the plant whose growth she nursed, whose blasting she bemoaned. Be not angry at what I say. She had a dark brow, and her garb was like the children of red men. Yet as she went down into the dust, there was upon her lips a smile, and in her eye, a gentleness even like thine.'

"He ceased, oppressed with emotion. He pressed his hands to his forehead, and laid it upon the earth. When he raised his head, I saw that his strained eyes were bright and tearless.

"'Acceptest thou my adoption?' he asked. 'Wilt thou bow thyself, for a time, to be called the daughter of old Arrowhamet? I have said, that it need be but for a time. My home is near the shore of the great waters. They shall bear thee to thy people, when thy heart is sickened at the rude ways of the sons of the forest.'

"I assured him of my acceptance, in such terms as an outcast might be supposed to address to his sole earthly benefactor. Apparently gratified, he raised his lofty form erect, and stretching his right hand toward heaven, ratified with great solemnity the covenant of adoption.

"'Thou, whose way is upon the winds,—through the deep waters,—within the dark cloud,—Spirit of Truth!—before whom the shades of our fathers walk in fields of everlasting light,—*hear*,—*confirm*,—*bless*.'

"He added a few words in his native language, with the deep reverence of prayer, and then stretching himself on the ground, in the attitude of repose, said,—

"'It is enough.—Go to thy rest, poor, tender, and broken flower. I will pray thy God to protect thee. Thy God is my God. Warriors call me Arrowha met, but in my home of peace, my name is Zachary. It was given me, when I bowed to the baptism of Christians. Thou wilt no longer fear me, now that thou knowest our God is the same.'

"Lost in wondering gratitude, I made my orison with many tears, and sank into a more refreshing slumber than had visited me since my captivity. I awoke not, till the sun, like a globe of gold, was burnishing the crowns of the kings of the forest.

"During the remainder of our journey, nothing worthy of narration occurred. The supernatural strength that had sustained me, gradually vanished, and I was borne many days in a litter on the shoul-

ders of the natives. Soon the Delawares separated from the Mohegans, to return to their own territory. In passing through a populous town, I sold a valuable watch and necklace, the gifts of my sainted husband, in the early and cloudless days of our love. Their avails, like the cruse of oil, of her whom the prophet saved, have not yet failed. They will probably suffice for my interment.

"My reception from good Martha, was most soothing to my lone heart. From that moment to this, her maternal kindness has never slumbered. With that tender care, so dear to the wounded, solitary spirit, she has promoted my comfort, and mitigated the pains of my disease.

"At my first admission to this humble abode, I cherished the hope of returning to England. But to what should I have returned? Only to the graves of my parents. With the disconsolate and eloquent Logan, I might say,—'There runs not a drop of my blood, in the veins of any living creature. Who is there to mourn for Oriana?—*Not one.*' Throughout the whole range of my native country, would there have been a cottage to afford me shelter, or friends to minister to me night and day, like these aged beings?

"But with whatever attractions the land where I first drew breath, would sometimes gleam upon my exiled eye, all hope of again beholding it has been long extinguished. The disease, to which my early youth evinced a predisposition, and which was probably inherited from both my parents, soon reveal-

ed itself. Its progress was gradual, but constantly I have been conscious of its latent ravages. My retreat, which to most beholders might have seemed as undesirable as obscure, so accorded with my subdued feelings, that like the disciple upon the mountain of mystery, I have often exclaimed,—'Master, it is good to be here.'

"Here, I have learned to estimate a race, to which the world has done immense injustice. Once, I had stigmatized them as the slaves of barbarity. Yet were they appointed to exhibit to my view, in combination with strong intellect, capabilities of invincible attachment and deathless gratitude, which, however the civilized world may scorn in the cabin of the red man, she does not often find in the palaces of kings. Here I have felt how vain is that estimation in which we hold the shades of complexion and gradations of rank—how less than nothing, the tinsel of wealth, and the pageantry of pomp, when 'God taketh away the soul.'

"The pride, and earthly idolatry of my heart, have been subdued by affliction; and affliction, having had her perfect work, has terminated in peace. Often, during this process, have I been reminded of that beautiful passage of Dumoulin,—'Jesus, in going to Jerusalem, was wont to go through Bethany, which signifies, *the house of grief*:' so must we expect to pass through tribulation, and through a vale of tears, before we can enter upon the peace of the heavenly Jerusalem.

"Still, I quit not this existence like the ascetic, for whom it has had no charms. Its opening was gilded with what the world acknowledges to be happiness; and its close with that joy to which she is a stranger. For your instructions, your prayers, my revered friend, receive the blessings of one, who will henceforth have neither name nor memorial among men. Your last kind office will be to lay her wasted frame where saints slumber; may she meet you at their resurrection in light. Her parting request is, that you would remember with the benevolence of your vocation, those who were to her, parents without the bonds of affinity, philanthropists without hope of applause,—and, though bearing the lineaments of a proscribed and perishing race, will, I trust, be admitted to a bright, inalienable inheritance."

PRAYER.

How purely true, how deeply warm,
The inly-breathed appeal may be,
Though adoration wears no form,
In upraised hand or bended knee.
One Spirit fills all boundless space,
No limit to the when or where;
And little recks the time or place
That leads the soul to praise and prayer.

Father above, Almighty one,
Creator, is that worship vain
That hails each mountain as thy throne,
And finds a universal fane?
When shining stars, or spangled sod,
Call forth devotion, who shall dare
To blame, or tell me that a God
Will never deign to hear such prayer?

Oh, prayer is good when many pour
Their voices in one solemn tone;
Conning their sacred lessons o'er
Or yielding thanks for mercies shown.
'T is good to see the quiet train
Forget their worldly joy and care,
While loud response and choral strain
Reëcho in the house of prayer.

But often have I stood to mark
The setting sun and closing flower;

When silence and the gathering dark
Shed holy calmness o'er the hour.
Lone on the hills, my soul confessed
More rapt and burning homage there,
And served the Maker it addressed
With stronger zeal and closer prayer.

When watching those we love and prize,
Till all of life and hope be fled;
When we have gazed on sightless eyes,
And gently stayed the falling head;
Then what can sooth the stricken heart,
What solace overcome despair;
What earthly breathing can impart
Such healing balm as lonely prayer?

When fears and perils thicken fast,
And many dangers gather round;
When human aid is vain and past,
No mortal refuge to be found;
Then can we firmly lean on heaven,
And gather strength to meet and bear,
No matter where the storm has driven,
A saving anchor lives in prayer.

Oh, God! how beautiful the thought,
How merciful the blessed decree,
That grace can e'er be found when sought,
And naught shut out the soul from Thee.
The cell may cramp, the fetters gall,
The flame may scorch, the rack may tear;
But torture-stake, or prison-wall,
Can be endured with faith and prayer.

In desert wilds, in midnight gloom;
In grateful joy, in trying pain;
In laughing youth, or nigh the tomb;
Oh when is prayer unheard or vain?
The Infinite, the King of kings,
Will never heed the when or where;
He 'll ne'er reject a heart that brings
The offering of fervent prayer.

EVENING PRAYER, AT A GIRLS' SCHOOL.

"Now in thy youth, beseech of Him
Who giveth, upbraiding not;
That his light in thy heart become not dim,
And his love be unforgot;
And thy God, in the darkest of days, will be
Greenness, and beauty, and strength to thee."

Bernard Barton.

Hush! 't is a holy hour—the quiet room
Seems like a temple, while yon soft lamp sheds
A faint and starry radiance, through the gloom
And the sweet stillness, down on fair young heads,
With all their clustering locks, untouched by care,
And bowed, as flowers are bowed with night, in prayer.

Gaze on—'t is lovely!—Childhood's lip and cheek,
Mantling beneath its earnest brow of thought—
Gaze—yet what seest thou in those fair, and meek,
And fragile things, as but for sunshine wrought?—
Thou seest what grief must nurture for the sky,
What death must fashion for eternity!

O! joyous creatures! that will sink to rest,
Lightly, when those pure orisons are done,
As birds with slumber's honey-dew opprest,
'Midst the dim folded leaves, at set of sun—
Lift up your hearts! though yet no sorrow lies
Dark in the summer-heaven of those clear eyes.

Though fresh within your breasts the untroubled springs
Of hope make melody where'er ye tread,
And o'er your sleep bright shadows, from the wings
Of spirits visiting but youth, be spread;
Yet in those flute-like voices, mingling low,
Is woman's tenderness—how soon her woe!

Her lot is on you—silent tears to weep,
And patient smiles to wear through suffering's hour,
And sumless riches, from affection's deep,
To pour on broken reeds—a wasted shower!
And to make idols, and to find them clay,
And to bewail that worship—therefore pray!

Her lot is on you—to be found untired,
Watching the stars out by the bed of pain,
With a pale cheek, and yet a brow inspired,
And a true heart of hope, though hope be vain;
Meekly to bear with wrong, to cheer decay,
And, oh! to love through all things—therefore pray!

And take the thought of this calm vesper time,
With its low murmuring sounds and silvery light,
On through the dark days fading from their prime,
As a sweet dew to keep your souls from blight!
Earth will forsake—O! happy to have given
The unbroken heart's first fragrance unto Heaven.

DISENCHANTMENT.

Do not ask me why I loved him,
  Love's cause is to love unknown;
Faithless as the past has proved him,
  Once his heart appeared mine own.
Do not say he did not merit
  All my fondness, all my truth;
Those in whom love dwells inherit
  Every dream that haunted youth.

He might not be all I dreamed him,
  Noble, generous, gifted, true,
Not the less I fondly deemed him,
  All those flattering visions drew.
All the hues of old romances
  By his actual self grew dim;
Bitterly I mock the fancies
  That once found their life in him.

From the hour by him enchanted,
  From the moment when we met,
Henceforth with one image haunted,
  Life may never more forget.
All my nature changed—his being
  Seemed the only source of mine,
Fond heart, hadst thou no foreseeing
  Thy sad future to divine?

Once, upon myself relying,
  All I asked were words and thought;
Many hearts to mine replying,
  Owned the music that I brought.

Eager, spiritual, and lonely,
Visions filled the fairy hour,
Deep with love—though love was only
Not a presence, but a power.

But from that first hour I met thee,
All caught actual life from you,
Alas! how can I forget thee,
Thou who madest the fancied true?
Once my wide world was ideal,
Fair it was—ah! very fair:
Wherefore hast thou made it real?
Wherefore is thy image there?

Ah! no more to me is given
Fancy's far and fairy birth;
Chords upon my lute are riven,
Never more to sound on earth.
Once, sweet music could it borrow
From a look, a word, a tone;
I could paint another's sorrow—
Now I think but of mine own.

Life's dark waves have lost the glitter
Which at morning-tide they wore,
And the well within is bitter;
Naught its sweetness may restore:
For I know how vainly given
Life's most precious things may be,
Love that might have looked on heaven,
Even as it looked on thee.

Ah, farewell!—with that word dying,
Hope and love must perish too:

For thy sake themselves denying,
What is truth with thee untrue?
Farewell!—'t is a dreary sentence;
Like the death-doom of the grave,
May it wake in thee repentance,
Stinging when too late to save!

THE CRUSADER'S RETURN.

"Alas! the mother that him bare,
If she had been in presence there,
In his wan cheeks and sunburnt hair
She had not known her child."—*Marmion.*

Rest, pilgrim, rest!—thou 'rt from the Syrian land,
Thou 'rt from the wild and wondrous east, I know
By the long-withered palm-branch in thy hand,
And by the darkness of thy sun-burnt brow.
Alas! the bright, the beautiful, who part
So full of hope, for that far country's bourne!
Alas! the weary and the changed in heart,
And dimmed in aspect, who like thee return!

Thou 'rt faint—stay, rest thee from thy toils at last:
Through the high chestnuts lightly plays the breeze,
The stars gleam out, the *Ave* hour is past,
The sailor's hymn hath died along the seas.
Thou 'rt faint and worn—hearest thou the fountain welling
By the gray pillars of yon ruined shrine?
Seest thou the dewy grapes before thee swelling?
—He that hath left me trained that loaded vine!

He was a child when thus the bower he wove,
(Oh! hath a day fled since his childhood's time?)
That I might sit and hear the sound I love,
Beneath its shade—the convent's vesper-chime.
And sit *thou* there!—for he was gentle ever,
With his glad voice he would have welcomed thee,
And brought fresh fruits to cool thy parched lips' fever—
There in his place thou 'rt resting—where is he?

If I could hear that laughing voice again,
But once again!—how oft it wanders by,
In the still hours, like some remembered strain,
Troubling the heart with its wild melody!—
Thou hast seen much, tired pilgrim! hast thou seen
In that far land, the chosen land of yore,
A youth—my Guido—with the fiery mien
And the dark eye of this Italian shore?

The dark, clear, lightning eye!—on heaven and earth
It smiled—as if man were not dust it smiled!
The very air seemed kindling with his mirth,
And I—my heart grew young before my child!
My blessed child!—I had but him—yet he
Filled all my home even with overflowing joy,
Sweet laughter, and wild song, and footstep free—
Where is he now?—my pride, my flower, my boy!

His sunny childhood melted from my sight,
Like a spring dew-drop—then his forehead wore
A prouder look—his eye a keener light—
I knew these woods might be his world no more!
He loved me—but he left me!—thus they go
Whom we have reared, watched, blessed, too much adored!

He heard the trumpet of the Red-Cross blow,
And bounded from me with his father's sword!

Thou weepest—I tremble—thou hast seen the slain
Pressing a bloody turf; the young and fair,
With their pale beauty strewing o'er the plain
Where hosts have met—speak! answer! was *he* there?
Oh! hath his smile departed?—Could the grave
Shut o'er those bursts of bright and tameless glee?—
No! I shall yet behold his dark locks wave—
That look gives hope—I knew it could not be!

Still weepest thou, wand'rer?—some fond mother's glance
O'er thee, too, brooded in thine early years—
Thinkest thou of her, whose gentle eye, perchance,
Bathed all thy faded hair with parting tears?
Speak, for thy tears disturb me!—what art thou?
Why dost thou hide thy face, yet weeping on?
Look up!—oh! is it—that wan cheek and brow!—
Is it—alas! yet joy!—my son, my son!

I MISS THEE, MY MOTHER.

I miss thee, my Mother! Thy image is still
The deepest impressed on my heart,
And the tablet so faithful in death must be chill
Ere a line of that image depart.
Thou wert torn from my side when I treasured thee most—
When my reason could measure thy worth;
When I knew but too well that the idol I 'd lost
Could be never replaced upon earth.

I miss thee, my Mother, in circles of joy,
Where I 've mingled with rapturous zest;

For how slight is the touch that will serve to destroy
All the fairy web spun in my breast!
Some melody sweet may be floating around—
'T is a ballad I learnt at thy knee;
Some strain may be played, and I shrink from the sound,
For my fingers oft woke it for thee.

I miss thee, my Mother; when young health has fled,
And I sink in the languor of pain,
Where, where is the arm that once pillowed my head,
And the ear that once heard me complain?
Other hands may support, gentle accents may fall—
For the fond and the true are yet mine:
I 've a blessing for each; I am grateful to all—
But whose care *can* be soothing as thine?

I miss thee, my Mother, in summer's fair day,
When I rest in the ivy-wreathed bower,
When I hang thy pet linnet's cage high on the spray,
Or gaze on thy favorite flower.
There 's the bright gravel-path where I played by thy side
When time had scarce wrinkled thy brow,
Where I carefully led thee with worshipping pride
When thy scanty locks gathered the snow.

I miss thee, my Mother, in winter's long night:
I remember the tales thou wouldst tell—
The romance of wild fancy, the legend of fright—
Oh! who could e'er tell them so well?
Thy corner is vacant; thy chair is removed:
It was kind to take *that* from my eye:
Yet relics are round me—the sacred and loved—
To call up the pure sorrow-fed sigh.

I miss thee, my Mother! Oh, when do I not?
Though I know 't was the wisdom of Heaven
That the deepest shade fell on my sunniest spot,
And such tie of devotion was riven;
For when thou wert with me my soul was below,
I was chained to the world I then trod;
My affections, my thoughts, were all earth-bound; but now
They have followed thy spirit to God!

THE PARTING OF SUMMER.

Thou 'rt bearing hence thy roses,
Glad summer, fare thee well!
Thou 'rt singing thy last melodies
In every wood and dell.

But ere the golden sunset,
Of thy latest lingering day,
Oh! tell me, o'er this chequered earth,
How hast thou passed away?

Brightly, sweet Summer! brightly
Thine hours have floated by,
To the joyous birds of the woodland boughs,
The rangers of the sky.

And brightly in the forests,
To the wild deer wandering free;
And brightly 'midst the garden flowers
Is the happy murmuring bee:

But how to human bosoms,
With all their hopes and fears,
And thoughts that make them eagle-wings,
To pierce the unborn years?

Sweet Summer! to the captive
Thou hast flown in burning dreams
Of the woods, with all their whispering leaves,
And the blue rejoicing streams;—

To the wasted and the weary,
On the bed of sickness bound,
In swift delirious fantasies,
That changed with every sound;—

To the sailor on the billows,
In longings wild and vain,
For the gushing founts and breezy hills,
And the homes of earth again!

And unto me, glad Summer!
How hast thou flown to me?
My chainless footstep naught hath kept
From thy haunts of song and glee.

Thou hast flown in wayward visions,
In memories of the dead—
In shadows from a troubled heart,
O'er thy sunny pathway shed:

In brief and sudden strivings
To fling a weight aside—
'Midst these thy melodies have ceased,
And all thy roses died.

But oh! thou gentle Summer!
If I greet thy flowers once more,
Bring me again the buoyancy
Wherewith my soul should soar!

Give me to hail thy sunshine,
With song and spirit free;
Or in a purer air than this
May that next meeting be!

THE INTEMPERATE.

"Reserving woes for age, their prime they spend,—
Then wretched, hopeless, in the evil days,
With sorrow to the verge of life they tend,
Griev'd with the present,—of the past asham'd,—
They live and are despised; they die, nor more are nam'd
LOWTH

WHERE the lofty forests of Ohio, towering in unshorn majesty, cast a solemn shadow over the deep verdure of beautiful and ample vales, a small family of emigrants were seen pursuing their solitary way. They travelled on foot, but not with the aspect of mendicants, though care and suffering were variably depicted on their countenances. The man walked first, apparently in an unkind, uncompromising mood. The woman carried in her arms an infant, and aided the progress of a feeble boy, who seemed sinking with exhaustion. An eye accustomed to scan the never-resting tide of emigration, might discern that these pilgrims were inhabitants of the Eastern States, probably retreating from some species of adversity, to one of those imaginary El Dorados, among the shades of the far West, where it is fabled that the evils of mortality have found no place.

James Harwood, the leader of that humble group,

who claimed from him the charities of husband and of father, halted at the report of a musket, and while he entered a thicket, to discover whence it proceeded, the weary and sad-hearted mother sat down upon the grass. Bitter were her reflections during that interval of rest among the wilds of Ohio. The pleasant New-England village from which she had just emigrated, and the peaceful home of her birth, rose up to her view—where, but a few years before, she had given her hand to one, whose unkindness now strewed her path with thorns. By constant and endearing attentions, he had won her youthful love, and the two first years of their union promised happiness. Both were industrious and affectionate, and the smiles of their infant in his evening sports or slumbers, more than repaid the labors of the day.

But a change became visible. The husband grew inattentive to his business, and indifferent to his fireside. He permitted debts to accumulate, in spite of the economy of his wife, and became morose and offended at her remonstrances. She strove to hide, even from her own heart, the vice that was gaining the ascendency over him, and redoubled her exertions to render his home agreeable. But too frequently her efforts were of no avail, or contemptuously rejected. The death of her beloved mother, and the birth of a second infant, convinced her that neither in sorrow nor in sickness could she expect sympathy from him, to whom she had given her heart, in the simple faith of confiding affection. They

became miserably poor, and the cause was evident to every observer. In this distress, a letter was received from a brother, who had been for several years a resident in Ohio, mentioning that he was induced to remove further westward, and offering them the use of a tenement which his family would leave vacant, and a small portion of cleared land, until they might be able to become purchasers.

Poor Jane listened to this proposal with gratitude. She thought she saw in it the salvation of her husband. She believed that if he were divided from his intemperate companions, he would return to his early habits of industry and virtue. The trial of leaving native and endeared scenes, from which she would once have shrunk, seemed as nothing in comparison with the prospect of his reformation and returning happiness. Yet, when all their few effects were converted into the wagon and horse which were to convey them to a far land, and the scant and humble necessaries which were to sustain them on their way thither; when she took leave of her brother and sisters, with their households; when she shook hands with the friends whom she had loved from her cradle, and remembered that it might be for the last time; and when the hills that encircled her native village faded into the faint, blue outline of the horizon, there came over her such a desolation of spirit, such a foreboding of evil, as she had never before experienced. She blamed herself for these feelings, and repressed their indulgence.

The journey was slow and toilsome The autumnal rains and the state of the roads were against them. The few utensils and comforts which they carried with them, were gradually abstracted and sold. The object of this traffic could not be doubted. The effects were but too visible in his conduct. She reasoned—she endeavored to persuade him to a different course. But anger was the only result. When he was not too far stupified to comprehend her remarks, his deportment was exceedingly overbearing and arbitrary. He felt that she had no friend to protect her from insolence, and was entirely in his own power; and she was compelled to realize that it was a power without generosity, and that there is no tyranny so perfect as that of a capricious and alienated husband.

As they approached the close of their distressing journey, the roads became worse, and their horse utterly failed. He had been but scantily provided for, as the intemperance of his owner had taxed and impoverished every thing for his own support. Jane wept as she looked upon the dying animal, and remembered his laborious and ill-repaid services.

The unfeeling exclamation with which her husband abandoned him to his fate, fell painfully upon her heart, adding another proof of the extinction of his sensibilities, in the loss of that pitying kindness for the animal creation, which exercises a silent and salutary guardianship over our higher and better sympathies. They were now approaching within a short

distance of the termination of their journey, and their directions had been very clear and precise. But his mind became so bewildered and his heart so perverse, that he persisted in choosing by-paths of underwood and tangled weeds, under the pretence of seeking a shorter route. This increased and prolonged their fatigue; but no entreaty of his wearied wife was regarded. Indeed, so exasperated was he at her expostulations, that she sought safety in silence. The little boy of four years old, whose constitution had been feeble from his infancy, became so feverish and distressed, as to be unable to proceed. The mother, after in vain soliciting aid and compassion from her husband, took him in her arms, while the youngest, whom she had previously carried, and who was unable to walk, clung to her shoulders. Thus burdened, her progress was tedious and painful. Still she was enabled to go on; for the strength that nerves a mother's frame, toiling for her sick child, is from God. She even endeavored to press on more rapidly than usual, fearing that if she fell behind, her husband would tear the sufferer from her arms, in some paroxysm of his savage intemperance.

Their road during the day, though approaching the small settlement where they were to reside, lay through a solitary part of the country. The children were faint and hungry; and as the exhausted mother sat upon the grass, trying to nurse her infant, she drew from her bosom the last piece of bread, and held it to the parched lips of the feeble child. But

he turned away his head, and with a scarcely audible moan, asked for water. Feelingly might she sympathize in the distress of the poor outcast from the tent of Abraham, who laid her famishing son among the shrubs, and sat down a good way off, saying,—"Let me not see the death of the child." But this Christian mother was not in the desert, nor in despair. She looked upward to Him who is the refuge of the forsaken, and the comforter of those whose spirits are cast down.

The sun was drawing towards the west, as the voice of James Harwood was heard, issuing from the forest, attended by another man with a gun, and some birds at his girdle.

"Wife, will you get up now, and come along? We are not a mile from home. Here is John Williams, who went from our part of the country, and says he is our next-door neighbor."

Jane received his hearty welcome with a thankful spirit, and rose to accompany them. The kind neighbor took the sick boy in his arms, saying,—

"Harwood, take the baby from your wife; we do not let our women bear all the burdens, here in Ohio."

James was ashamed to refuse, and reached his hands towards the child. But, accustomed to his neglect or unkindness, it hid its face, crying, in the maternal bosom.

"You see how it is. She makes the children so cross, that I never have any comfort of them. She

chooses to carry them herself, and always will have her own way in everything."

"You have come to a new settled country, friends," said John Williams; "but it is a good country to get a living in. Crops of corn and wheat are such as you never saw in New-England. Our cattle live in clover, and the cows give us cream instead of milk. There is plenty of game to employ our leisure, and venison and wild turkey do not come amiss now and then on a farmer's table. Here is a short cut I can show you, though there is a fence or two to climb. James Harwood, I shall like well to talk with you about old times and old friends down east. But why don't you help your wife over the fence with her baby?"

"So I would, but she is so sulky. She has not spoke a word to me all day. I always say, let such folks take care of themselves till their mad fit is over."

A cluster of log cabins now met their view through an opening in the forest. They were pleasantly situated in the midst of an area of cultivated land. A fine river, surmounted by a rustic bridge of the trunks of trees, cast a sparkling line through the deep, unchanged autumnal verdure.

"Here we live," said their guide, "a hard-working, contented people. That is your house which has no smoke curling up from the chimney. It may not be quite so genteel as some you have left behind in the old states, but it is about as good as any in the

neighborhood. I'll go and call my wife to welcome you; right glad will she be to see you, for she sets great store by folks from New-England."

The inside of a log cabin, to those not habituated to it, presents but a cheerless aspect. The eye needs time to accustom itself to the rude walls and floors, the absence of glass windows, and doors loosely hung upon leathern hinges. The exhausted woman entered, and sank down with her babe. There was no chair to receive her. In the corner of the room stood a rough board table, and a low frame resembling a bedstead. Other furniture there was none. Glad, kind voices of her own sex, recalled her from her stupor. Three or four matrons, and several blooming young faces, welcomed her with smiles. The warmth of reception in a new colony, and the substantial services by which it is manifested, put to shame the ceremonious and heartless professions, which in a more artificial state of society are dignified with the name of friendship.

As if by magic, what had seemed almost a prison, assumed a different aspect, under the ministry of active benevolence. A cheerful flame rose from the ample fire-place; several chairs and a bench for children appeared; a bed with comfortable coverings concealed the shapelessness of the bedstead, and viands to which they had long been strangers were heaped upon the board. An old lady held the sick boy tenderly in her arms, who seemed to revive as he saw his mother's face brighten; and the infant,

after a draught of fresh milk, fell into a sweet and profound slumber. One by one the neighbors departed, that the wearied ones might have an opportunity of repose. John Williams, who was the last to bid good-night, lingered a moment as he closed the door, and said,—

"Friend Harwood, here is a fine, gentle cow, feeding at your door; and for old acquaintance sake, you and your family are welcome to the use of her for the present, or until you can make out better."

When they were left alone, Jane poured out her gratitude to her Almighty Protector in a flood of joyful tears. Kindness to which she had recently been a stranger, fell as balm of Gilead upon her wounded spirit.

"Husband," she exclaimed, in the fullness of her heart, "we may yet be happy."

He answered not, and she perceived that he heard not. He had thrown himself upon the bed, and in a deep and stupid sleep was dispelling the fumes of intoxication.

This new family of emigrants, though in the midst of poverty, were sensible of a degree of satisfaction to which they had long been strangers. The difficulty of procuring ardent spirits in this small and isolated community, promised to be the means of establishing their peace. The mother busied herself in making their humble tenement neat and comfortable, while her husband, as if ambitious to earn in a new residence the reputation he had forfeited in the

old, labored diligently to assist his neighbors in gathering of their harvest, receiving in payment such articles as were needed for the subsistence of his household. Jane continually gave thanks in her prayers for this great blessing; and the hope she permitted herself to indulge of his permanent reformation, imparted unwonted cheerfulness to her brow and demeanor. The invalid boy seemed also to gather healing from his mother's smiles; for so great was her power over him, since sickness had rendered his dependence complete, that his comfort, and even his countenance, were a faithful reflection of her own. Perceiving the degree of her influence, she endeavored to use it, as every religious parent should, for his spiritual benefit. She supplicated that the pencil which was to write upon his soul, might be guided from above. She spoke to him in the tenderest manner of his Father in Heaven, and of His will respecting little children. She pointed out his goodness in the daily gifts that sustain life; in the glorious sun, as it came forth rejoicing in the east, in the gently-falling rain, the frail plant, and the dews that nourish it. She reasoned with him of the changes of nature, till he loved even the storm, and the lofty thunder, because they came from God. She repeated to him passages of scripture, with which her memory was stored; and sang hymns, until she perceived that if he was in pain, he complained not, if he might but hear her voice. She made him acquainted with the life of the compassionate Redeem-

er, and how he called young children to his arms, though the disciples forbade them. And it seemed as if a voice from heaven urged her never to desist from cherishing this tender and deep-rooted piety; because, like the flower of grass, he must soon fade away. Yet, though it was evident that the seeds of disease were in his system, his health at intervals seemed to be improving, and the little household partook, for a time, the blessings of tranquillity and content.

But let none flatter himself that the dominion of vice is suddenly or easily broken. It may seem to relax its grasp, and to slumber; but the victim who has long worn its chain, if he would utterly escape, and triumph at last, must do so in the strength of Omnipotence. This, James Harwood never sought. He had begun to experience that prostration of spirits which attends the abstraction of an habitual stimulant. His resolution to recover his lost character was not proof against this physical inconvenience. He determined at all hazards to gratify his depraved appetite. He laid his plans deliberately, and with the pretext of making some arrangements about the wagon, which had been left broken on the road, departed from his home. His stay was protracted beyond the appointed limit, nd at his return, his sin was written on his brow, in characters too strong to be mistaken. That he had also brought with him some hoard of intoxicating poison, to which to resort, there remained no room to doubt. Day after day

did his shrinking household witness the alternations of causeless anger and brutal tyranny. To lay waste the comfort of his wife, seemed to be his prominent object. By constant contradiction and misconstruction, he strove to distress her, and then visited her sensibilities upon her as sins. Had she been more obtuse by nature, or more indifferent to his welfare, she might with greater ease have borne the cross. But her youth was nurtured in tenderness, and education had refined her susceptibilities, both of pleasure and pain. She could not forget the love he had once manifested for her, nor prevent the chilling contrast from filling her with anguish. She could not resign the hope that the being who had early evinced correct feelings and noble principles of action, might yet be won back to that virtue which had rendered him worthy of her affections. Still, this hope deferred was sickness and sorrow to the heart. She found the necessity of deriving consolation, and the power of endurance, wholly from above. The tender invitation by the mouth of a prophet, was as balm to her wounded soul,—"As a woman forsaken and grieved in spirit, and as a wife of youth, when thou wast refused, have I called thee, saith thy God."

So faithful was she in the discharge of the difficult duties that devolved upon her—so careful not to irritate her husband by reproach or gloom—that to a casual observer she might have appeared to be confirming the doctrine of the ancient philosopher, that happiness is in exact proportion to virtue. Had he

asserted, that virtue is the source of all that happiness which *depends upon ourselves*, none could have controverted his position. But, to a woman, a wife, a mother, how small is the portion of independent happiness! She has woven the tendrils of her soul around many props. Each revolving year renders their support more necessary. They cannot waver, or warp, or break, but she must tremble and bleed.

There was one modification of her husband's persecutions which the fullest measure of her piety could not enable her to bear unmoved. This was unkindness to her feeble and suffering boy. It was at first commenced as the surest mode of distressing her. It opened a direct avenue to her heart-strings.—What began in perverseness seemed to end in hatred, as evil habits sometimes create perverted principles. The wasted and wild-eyed invalid shrank from his father's glance and footstep, as from the approach of a foe. More than once had he taken him from the little bed which maternal care had provided for him, and forced him to go forth in the cold of the winter storm.

"I mean to harden him," said he. "All the neighbors know that you make such a fool of him that he will never be able to get a living. For my part, I wish I had never been called to the trial of supporting a useless boy, who pretends to be sick only that he may be coaxed by a silly mother."

On such occasions, it was in vain that the mother attempted to protect her child. She might neither

shelter him in her bosom, nor control the frantic violence of the father. Harshness, and the agitation of fear, deepened a disease which might else have yielded. The timid boy, in terror of his natural protector, withered away like a blighted flower. It was of no avail that friends remonstrated with the unfeeling parent, or that hoary-headed men warned him solemnly of his sins. Intemperance had destroyed his respect for man, and his fear of God.

Spring at length emerged from the shades of that heavy and bitter winter. But its smile brought no gladness to the declining child. Consumption fed upon his vitals, and his nights were restless and full of pain.

"Mother, I wish I could smell the violets that grew upon the green bank by our old, dear home."

"It is too early for violets, my child. But the grass is beautifully green around us, and the birds sing sweetly, as if their hearts were full of praise."

"In my dreams last night, I saw the clear waters of the brook that ran by the bottom of my little garden. I wish I could taste them once more. And I heard such music, too, as used to come from that white church among the trees, where every Sunday the happy people meet to worship God."

The mother saw that the hectic fever had been long increasing, and knew there was such an unearthly brightness in his eye, that she feared his intellect wandered. She seated herself on his low bed,

and bent over him to soothe and compose him. He lay silent for some time.

"Do you think my father will come?"

Dreading the agonizing agitation which, in his paroxysms of coughing and pain, he evinced at the sound of his father's well-known footstep, she answered,—

"I think not, love. You had better try to sleep."

"Mother, I wish he would come. I do not feel afraid now. Perhaps he would let me lay my cheek to his once more, as he used to do when I was a babe in my grandmother's arms. I should be glad to say good bye to him, before I go to my Saviour."

Gazing intently in his face, she saw the work of the destroyer, in lines too plain to be mistaken.

"My son—my dear son—say, Lord Jesus receive my spirit."

"Mother," he replied, with a sweet smile upon his ghastly features, "he is ready. I desire to go to him. Hold the baby to me, that I may kiss her. That is all. Now sing to me, and, oh! wrap me close in your arms, for I shiver with cold."

He clung with a death grasp, to that bosom which had long been his sole earthly refuge.

"Sing louder, dear mother,—a little louder.—I cannot hear you."

A tremulous tone, as of a broken harp, rose above her grief, to comfort the dying child. One sigh of icy breath was upon her cheek, as she joined it to his —one shudder—and all was over. She held the

body long in her arms, as if fondly hoping to warm and revivify it with her breath. Then she stretched it upon its bed, and kneeling beside it, hid her face in that grief which none but mothers feel. It was a deep and sacred solitude, along with the dead. Nothing save the soft breathing of the sleeping babe fell upon that solemn pause. Then the silence was broken by a wail of piercing sorrow. It ceased, and a voice arose,—a voice of supplication for strength to endure, as "seeing Him who is invisible." Faith closed what was begun in weakness. It became a prayer of thanksgiving to Him who had released the dove-like spirit from the prison-house of pain, that it might taste the peace and mingle in the melody of heaven.

She arose from the orison, and bent calmly over her dead. The thin, placid features wore a smile, as when he had spoken of Jesus. She composed the shining locks around the pure forehead, and gazed long on what was to her so beautiful. Tears had vanished from her eyes, and in their stead was an expression almost sublime, as of one who had given an angel back to God.

The father entered carelessly. She pointed to the pallid, immovable brow. "See, he suffers no longer." He drew near, and looked on the dead with surprise and sadness. A few natural tears forced their way, and fell on the face of the first-born, who was once his pride. The memories of that moment were bitter. He spoke tenderly to the emaciated mother;

and she, who a short time before was raised above the sway of grief, wept like an infant as those few affectionate tones touched the sealed fountains of other years.

Neighbors and friends visited them, desirous to console their sorrow, and attended them when they committed the body to the earth. There was a shady and secluded spot, which they had consecrated by the burial of their few dead. Thither that whole little colony were gathered, and, seated on the fresh springing grass, listened to the holy, healing words of the inspired volume. It was read by the oldest man in the colony, who had himself often mourned. As he bent reverently over the sacred page, there was that on his brow which seemed to say,—"This has been my comfort in my affliction." Silver hairs thinly covered his temples, and his low voice was modulated by feeling, as he read of the frailty of man, withering like the flower of grass, before it groweth up; and of His majesty in whose sight "a thousand years are as yesterday when it is past, and as a watch in the night." He selected from the words of that compassionate One, who "gathereth the lambs with his arm, and carrieth them in his bosom," who, pointing out as an example the humility of little children, said,—"Except ye become as one of these, ye cannot enter the kingdom of heaven," and who calleth all the weary and heavy-laden to come unto him, that he may give them rest. The scene called forth sympathy, even from manly bosoms. The mother,

worn with watching and weariness, bowed her head down to the clay that concealed her child. And it was observed with gratitude by that friendly group, that the husband supported her in his arms, and mingled his tears with hers.

He returned from this funeral in much mental distress. His sins were brought to remembrance, and reflection was misery. For many nights, sleep was disturbed by visions of his neglected boy.—Sometimes he imagined that he heard him coughing from his low bed, and felt constrained to go to him, in a strange disposition of kindness, but his limbs were unable to obey the dictates of his will. Then he would see him pointing with a thin dead hand, to the dark grave, or beckoning him to follow to the unseen world. Conscience haunted him with terrors, and many prayers from pious hearts arose, that he might now be led to repentance. The venerable man who had read the bible at the burial of his boy, counselled and entreated him, with the earnestness of a father, to yield to the warning voice from above, and to "break off his sins by righteousness, and his iniquities by turning unto the Lord."

There was a change in his habits and conversation, and his friends trusted it would be permanent. She who, above all others, was interested in the result, spared no exertion to win him back to the way of truth, and to soothe his heart into peace with itself, and obedience to his Maker. Yet was she doomed to witness the full force of grief and of remorse

upon intemperance, only to see them utterly overthrown at last. The reviving virtue, with whose indications she had solaced herself, and even given thanks that her beloved son had not died in vain, was transient as the morning dew. Habits of industry, which had begun to spring up, proved themselves to be without root. The dead, and his cruelty to the dead, were alike forgotten. Disaffection to the chastened being, who against hope still hoped for his salvation, resumed its dominion. The friends who had alternately reproved and encouraged him, were convinced that their efforts had been of no avail. Intemperance, "like the strong man armed," took possession of a soul that lifted no cry for aid to the Holy Spirit, and girded on no weapon to resist the destroyer.

Summer passed away, and the anniversary of their arrival at the colony returned. It was to Jane Harwood a period of sad and solemn retrospection. The joys of early days, and the sorrows of maturity, passed in review before her, and while she wept, she questioned her heart, what had been its gain from a father's discipline, or whether it had sustained that greatest of all losses—*the loss of its afflictions.*

She was alone at this season of self-communion. The absences of her husband had become more frequent and protracted. A storm, which feelingly reminded her of those which had often beat upon them when homeless and weary travellers, had been raging for nearly two days. To this cause she

imputed the unusually long stay of her husband. Through the third night of his absence she lay sleepless, listening for his steps. Sometimes she fancied she heard shouts of laughter, for the mood in which he returned from his revels was various. But it was only the shriek of the tempest. Then she thought some ebullition of his frenzied anger rang in her ears. It was the roar of the hoarse wind through the forest. All night long she listened to these sounds, and hushed and sang to her affrighted babe. Unrefreshed she arose and resumed her morning labors.

Suddenly her eye was attracted by a group of neighbors, coming up slowly from the river. A dark and terrible foreboding oppressed her. She hastened out to meet them. Coming towards her house was a female friend, agitated and tearful, who passing her arm around her, would have spoken.

"Oh, you come to bring me evil tidings! I pray you let me know the worst."

The object was indeed to prepare her mind for a fearful calamity. The body of her husband had been found drowned, as was supposed, during the darkness of the preceding night, in attempting to cross the bridge of logs, which had been partially broken by the swollen waters. Utter prostration of spirit came over the desolate mourner. Her energies were broken and her heart withered. She had sustained the privations of poverty and emigration, and the burdens of unceasing labor and unrequited care, with-

out murmuring. She had lain her first-born in the grave with resignation, for faith had heard her Saviour saying,—"Suffer the little child to come unto me." She had seen him, in whom her heart's young affections were garnered up, become a "persecutor and injurious," a prey to vice the most disgusting and destructive. Yet she had borne up under all. One hope remained with her as an "anchor of the soul,"—the hope that he might yet repent and be reclaimed. She had persevered in her complicated and self-denying duties with that charity which "beareth all things,—believeth all things,—endureth all things."

But now, he had died in his sin. The deadly leprosy which had stolen over his heart, could no more be "purged by sacrifice or offering for ever." She knew not that a single prayer for mercy had preceded the soul on its passage to the High Judge's bar. There were bitter dregs in this grief, which she had never before wrung out.

Again the sad-hearted community assembled in their humble cemetery. A funeral in an infant colony awakens sympathies of an almost exclusive character. It is as if a large family suffered. One is smitten down whom every eye knew, every voice saluted. To bear along the corpse of the strong man, through the fields which he had sown, and to cover motionless in the grave that arm which trusted to have reaped the ripening harvest, awakens a thrill deep and startling in the breast of those who wrought

by his side during the burden and heat of the day. To lay the mother on her pillow of clay, whose last struggle with life was, perchance, to resign the hope of one more brief visit to the land of her fathers,—whose heart's last pulsation might have been a prayer that her children should return and grow up within the shadow of the school-house and the church of God, is a grief in which none save emigrants may participate. To consign to their narrow, noteless abode, both young and old, the infant and him of hoary hairs, without the solemn knell, the sable train, the hallowed voice of the man of God, giving back, in the name of his fellow-Christians, the most precious roses of their pilgrim path, and speaking with divine authority of Him who is the "resurrection and the life," adds desolation to that weeping with which man goeth downward to his dust.

But with heaviness of an unspoken and peculiar nature was this victim of vice borne from the home that he troubled, and laid by the side of his son to whose tender years he had been an unnatural enemy. There was sorrow among all who stood around his grave, and it bore features of that sorrow which is without hope.

The widowed mourner was not able to raise her head from the bed, when the bloated remains of her unfortunate husband were committed to the earth. Long and severe sickness ensued, and in her convalescence a letter was received from her brother, inviting her and her child to an asylum under his roof

and appointing a period to come and conduct them on their homeward journey.

With her little daughter, the sole remnant of her wrecked heart's wealth, she returned to her kindred. It was with emotions of deep and painful gratitude that she bade farewell to the inhabitants of that infant settlement, whose kindness through all her adversities had never failed. And when they remembered the example of uniform patience and piety which she had exhibited, and the saint-like manner in which she had sustained her burdens, and cherished their sympathies, they felt as if a tutelary spirit had departed from among them.

In the home of her brother, she educated her daughter in industry, and that contentment which virtue teaches. Restored to those friends with whom the morning of life had passed, she shared with humble cheerfulness the comforts that earth had yet in store for her; but in the cherished sadness of her perpetual widowhood, in the bursting sighs of her nightly orison, might be traced a sacred and deep-rooted sorrow—the memory of her erring husband, and the miseries of unreclaimed intemperance.

THE INDIAN GIRL.

She sat alone beside her hearth—
For many nights alone;
She slept not on the pleasant couch
Where fragrant herbs were strown.

At first she bound her raven hair
With feather and with shell;
But then she hoped; at length, like night,
Around her neck it fell.

They saw her wandering 'mid the woods,
Lone, with the cheerless dawn,
And then they said, "Can this be her
We called 'The Startled Fawn?'"

Her heart was in her large sad eyes,
Half sunshine and half shade;
And love, as love first springs to life,
Of everything afraid.

The red leaf far more heavily
Fell down to autumn earth,
Than her light feet, which seemed to move
To music and to mirth.

With the light feet of early youth,
What hopes and joys depart!
Ah! nothing like the heavy step
Betrays the heavy heart.

It is a usual history
That Indian girl could tell,
Fate sets apart one common doom
For all who love too well.

The proud—the shy—the sensitive,
Life has not many such;
They dearly buy their happiness,
By feeling it too much.

A stranger to her forest home,
That fair young stranger came;
They raised for him the funeral song—
For him the funeral flame.

Love sprang from pity,—and her arms
Around his arms she threw;
She told her father, "If he dies,
Your daughter dieth too."

For her sweet sake they set him free—
He lingered at her side;
And many a native song yet tells
Of that pale stranger's bride.

Two years have passed—how much two years
Have taken in their flight!
They 've taken from the lip its smile,
And from the eye its light.

Poor child! she was a child in years—
So timid and so young;
With what a fond and earnest faith
To desperate hope she clung!

His eyes grew cold—his voice grew strange—
They only grew more dear.
She served him meekly, anxiously,
With love—half faith, half fear.

And can a fond and faithful heart
Be worthless in those eyes
For which it beats?—Ah! woe to those
Who such a heart despise.

Poor child! what lonely days she passed,
With nothing to recall
But bitter taunts, and careless words,
And looks more cold than all.

Alas! for love, that sits at home,
Forsaken, and yet fond;
The grief that sits beside the hearth,
Life has no grief beyond.

He left her, but she followed him—
She thought he could not bear
When she had left her home for him
To look on her despair.

Adown the strange and mighty stream
She took her lonely way!
The stars at night her pilots were,
As was the sun by day.

Yet mournfully—how mournfully!—
The Indian looked behind,
When the last sound of voice or step
Died on the midnight wind.

Yet still adown the gloomy stream
She plied her weary oar;
Her husband—he had left their home,
And it was home no more.

She found him—but she found in vain—
He spurned her from his side;
He said, her brow was all too dark,
For her to be his bride.

She grasped his hands,—her own were cold,—
And silent turned away,
As she had not a tear to shed,
And not a word to say.

And pale as death she reached her boat,
And guided it along;
With broken voice she strove to raise
A melancholy song.

None watched the lonely Indian girl,—
She passed unmarked of all,
Until they saw her slight canoe
Approach the mighty Fall!*

Upright, within that slender boat,
They saw the pale girl stand,
Her dark hair streaming far behind—
Upraised her desperate hand.

The air is filled with shriek and shout—
They call, but call in vain;
The boat amid the waters dashed—
'T was never seen again.

* Niagara.

GRIEF.

I TELL you, hopeless grief is passionless—
That only men incredulous of despair,
Half-taught in anguish, through the midnight air,
Beat upward to God's throne in loud access
Of shrieking and reproach. Full desertness
In souls, as countries, lieth silent-bare
Under the blenching, vertical eye-glare
Of the absolute heavens. Deep-hearted man, express
Grief for thy dead in silence like to death;
Most like a monumental statue set
In everlasting watch and moveless woe,
Till itself crumble to the dust beneath!
Touch it! the marble eyelids are not wet—
If it could weep, it could arise and go.

SUBSTITUTION.

When some beloved voice, that was to you
Both sound and sweetness, faileth suddenly,
And silence, against which you dare not cry,
Aches round you like a strong disease and new—
What hope? what help? what music will undo
That silence to your sense? Not friendship's sigh—
Not reason's subtle count! Not melody
Of viols, nor of pipes that Faunus blew—
Not songs of poets, nor of nightingales,
Whose hearts leap upward through the cypress trees
To the clear moon; nor yet the spheric laws
Self-chanted,—nor the angels' sweet All hails,
Met in the smile of God. Nay, none of these.
Speak thou, availing Christ!—and fill this pause.

COMFORT.

Speak low to me, my Saviour, low and sweet
From out the hallelujahs, sweet and low,
Lest I should fear and fall, and miss thee so
Who art not missed by any that entreat.
Speak to me as to Mary at thy feet—
And if no precious gums my hands bestow,
Let my tears drop like amber, while I go
In reach of thy divinest voice complete
In humanest affection—thus, in sooth,
To lose the sense of losing! As a child,
Whose song-bird seeks the wood for evermore,
Is sung to in its stead by mother's mouth;
Till, sinking on her breast, love-reconciled,
He sleeps the faster that he wept before.

WORK.

What are we set on earth for? Say, to toil—
Nor seek to leave thy tending of the vines,
For all the heat o' the day, till it declines,
And Death's mild curfew shall from work assoil.
God did anoint thee with his odorous oil,
To wrestle, not to reign; and He assigns
All thy tears over, like pure crystallines,
For younger fellow-workers of the soil
To wear for amulets. So others shall
Take patience, labor, to their heart and hands,
From thy hands, and thy heart, and thy brave cheer,
And God's grace fructify through thee to all.
The least flower, with a brimming cup, may stand,
And share its dew-drop with another near.

THE BOON OF MEMORY.

"Many things answered me."—*Manfred.*

I go, I go!—and must mine image fade
From the green spots wherein my childhood played,
By my own streams?
Must my life part from each familiar place,
As a bird's song, that leaves the woods no trace
Of its lone themes?

Will the friend pass my dwelling, and forget
The welcomes there, the hours when we have met
In grief or glee?
All the sweet counsel, the communion high,
The kindly words of trust, in days gone by,
Poured full and free?

A boon, a talisman, O Memory! give,
To shrine my name in hearts where I would live
For evermore?
Bid the wind speak of me where I have dwelt,
Bid the stream's voice, of all my soul hath felt,
A thought restore!

In the rich rose, whose bloom I loved so well,
In the dim brooding violet of the dell,
Set deep that thought!
And let the sunset's melancholy glow,
And let the Spring's first whisper, faint and low,
With me be fraught!

And Memory answered me:—"Wild wish and vain!
I have no hues the loveliest to detain
In the heart's core.
The place they held in bosoms all their own,
Soon with new shadows filled, new flowers o'ergrown,
Is theirs no more."

Hast *thou* such power, O Love?—And Love replied,
"It is not mine! Pour out thy soul's full tide
Of hope and trust,
Prayer, tear, devotedness, that boon to gain—
'T is but to write with the heart's fiery rain,
Wild words on dust!"

Song, is the gift with thee?—I ask a lay,
Soft, fervent, deep, that will not pass away
From the still breast;
Filled with a tone—oh! not for deathless fame,
But a sweet haunting murmur of my name,
Where it would rest.

And Song made answer—"It is not in me,
Though called immortal; though my gifts may be
All but divine.
A place of lonely brightness I can give:
A changeless one, where thou with Love wouldst live—
This is not mine!"

Death, Death! wilt *thou* the restless wish fulfill?
And Death the Strong One, spoke:—"I can but still
Each vain regret.
What if forgotten?—All thy soul would crave,
Thou too, within the mantle of the grave,
Wilt soon forget."

Then did my heart in lone faint sadness die,
As from all nature's voices one reply,
But one—was given.
"Earth has *no* heart, fond dreamer! with a tone
To send thee back the spirit of thine own—
Seek it in Heaven."

SONG FOR THE NEW YEAR.

Old Time has turned another page
Of eternity and truth;
He reads with a warning voice to age,
And whispers a lesson to youth.
A year has fled o'er heart and head
Since last the yule log burnt;
And we have a task to closely ask,
What the bosom and brain have learnt?
Oh! let us hope that our sands have run
With wisdom's precious grains;
Oh! may we find that our hands have done
Some work of glorious pains.
Then a welcome and cheer to the merry new year,
While the holly gleams above us;
With a pardon for the foes who hate,
And a prayer for those who love us.

We may have seen some loved ones pass
To the land of hallowed rest;
We may miss the glow of an honest brow
And the warmth of a friendly breast:
But if we nursed them while on earth,
With hearts all true and kind,

Will their spirits blame the sinless mirth
Of those true hearts left behind?
No, no! it were not well or wise
To mourn with endless pain;
'There 's a better world beyond the skies,
Where the good shall meet again.
Then a welcome and cheer to the merry new year,
While the holly gleams above us;
With a pardon for the foes who hate,
And a prayer for those who love us.

Have our days rolled on serenely free
From sorrow's dim alloy?
Do we still possess the gifts that bless
And fill our souls with joy?
Are the creatures dear still clinging near?
Do we hear loved voices come?
Do we gaze on eyes whose glances shed
A halo round our home?
Oh, if we do, let thanks be poured
To Him who hath spared and given,
And forget not o'er the festive board
The mercies held from heaven.
Then a welcome and cheer to the merry new year,
While the holly gleams above us;
With a pardon for the foes who hate,
And a prayer for those who love us.

THE PATRIARCH.

"Gently on him, had gentle Nature laid
The weight of years.—All passions that disturb
Had past away."—

SOUTHEY

SOON after my entrance upon clerical duties, in the state of North-Carolina, I was informed of an isolated settlement, at a considerable distance from the place of my residence. Its original elements were emigrants from New-England; a father, and his five sons, who, with their wives and little children, had about thirty years before become sojourners in the heart of one of the deepest Carolinian solitudes. They purchased a tract of wild, swamp-encircled land. This they subjected to cultivation, and by unremitting industry, rendered adequate to their subsistence and comfort. The sons, and the sons' sons, had in their turn become the fathers of families; so, that the population of this singular spot comprised five generations. They were described as constituting a peaceful and virtuous community, with a government purely patriarchal. Secluded from the privileges of public worship, it was said that a sense of religion, influencing the heart and conduct, had been preserved by statedly assembling

on the sabbath, and reading the scriptures, with the Liturgy of the Church of England. The pious ancestor of the colony, whose years now surpassed four-score, had, at their removal to this hermitage, established his eldest son in the office of lay-reader. This simple ministration, aided by holy example, had so shared the blessing of heaven, that all the members of this miniature commonwealth held fast the faith and hope of the gospel.

I was desirous of visiting this peculiar people, and of ascertaining whether such precious fruits might derive nutriment from so simple a root. A journey into that section of the country afforded me an opportunity. I resolved to be the witness of their Sunday devotions, and with the earliest dawn of that consecrated day, I left the house of a friend, where I had lodged, and who furnished the requisite directions for my solitary and circuitous route.

The brightness and heat of summer began to glow oppressively, ere I turned from the haunts of men, and plunged into the recesses of the forest. Towering amidst shades which almost excluded the light of heaven, rose the majestic pines, the glory and the wealth of North-Carolina. Some, like the palms, those princes of the East, reared a proud column of fifty feet, ere the branches shot forth their heavenward cone. With their dark verdure, mingled the pale and beautiful efflorescence of the wild poplar, like the light interlacing of sculpture, in some ancient awe-inspiring temple, while thousands of birds

from those dark cool arches, poured their anthems of praise to the Divine Architect.

The sun was high in the heavens when I arrived at the morass, the bulwark thrown by Nature around this little city of the desert. Alighting, I led my horse over the rude bridges of logs, which surmounted the pools and ravines, until our footing rested upon firm earth. Soon, an expanse of arable land became visible, and wreaths of smoke came lightly curling through the trees, as if to welcome the stranger. Then, a cluster of cottages cheered the eye. They were so contiguous, that the blast of a horn, or even the call of a shrill voice, might convene all their inhabitants. To the central and the largest building, I directed my steps. Approaching the open window, I heard a distinct manly voice, pronouncing the solemn invocation,—"By thine agony, and bloody sweat,—by thy cross and passion,—by thy precious death and burial,—by thy glorious resurrection and ascension,—and by the coming of the Holy Ghost." The response arose, fully and devoutly, in the deep accents of manhood, and the softer tones of the mother and her children.

Standing motionless, that I might not disturb the worshippers, I had a fair view of the lay-reader. He was a man of six feet in height, muscular and well proportioned, with a head beautifully symmetrical, from whose crown time had begun to shred the luxuriance of its raven locks. Unconscious of the presence of a stranger, he supposed that no eye regard-

ed him, save that of his God. Kneeling around him, were his "brethren according to the flesh," a numerous and attentive congregation. At his right hand was the Patriarch—tall, somewhat emaciated, yet not bowed with years, his white hair combed smoothly over his temples, and slightly curling on his neck. Gathered near him, were his children, and his children's children. His blood was in the veins of almost every worshipper. Mingling with forms that evinced the ravages of time and toil, were the bright locks of youth, and the rosy brow of childhood, bowed low in supplication. Even the infant, with hushed lip, regarded a scene where was no wandering glance. Involuntarily, my heart said,—"*Shall not this be a family in Heaven?*" In the closing aspirations, "O Lamb of God! that takest away the sins of the world, have mercy upon us!"—the voice of the Patriarch was heard, with strong and affecting emphasis. After a pause of silent devotion, all arose from their knees, and I entered the circle.

"I am a minister of the gospel of Jesus Christ. I come to bless you in the name of the Lord."

The ancient Patriarch, grasping my hand, gazed on me with intense earnestness. A welcome, such as words have never uttered, was written on his brow.

"Thirty-and-two years, has my dwelling been in this forest. Hitherto, no man of God hath visited us. Praised be his name, who hath put it into thy heart, to seek out these few sheep in the wilderness.

Secluded as we are, from the privilege of worshipping God in his temple, we thus assemble every Sabbath, to read his holy Book, and to pray unto him in the words of our liturgy. Thus have we been preserved from 'forgetting the Lord who bought us, and lightly esteeming the Rock of our Salvation.'"

The exercises of that day are indelibly engraven on my memory. Are they not written in the record of the Most High? Surely a blessing entered into my own soul, as I beheld the faith, and strengthened the hope of those true-hearted and devout disciples. Like him, whose slumbers at Bethel were visited by the white-winged company of heaven, I was constrained to say,—"Surely the Lord is in this place, and I knew it not."

At the request of the Patriarch, I administered the ordinance of baptism. It was received with affecting demonstrations of solemnity and gratitude. The sacred services were protracted until the setting of the sun. Still they seemed reluctant to depart. It was to them a high and rare festival. When about to separate, the venerable Patriarch introduced me to all his posterity. Each seemed anxious to press my hand; and even the children expressed, by affectionate glances, their reverence and love for him who ministered at the altar of God.

"The Almighty," said the ancient man, "hath smiled on these babes, born in the desert. I came hither with my sons and their companions, and their blessed mother, who hath gone to rest. God hath

given us families as a flock. We earn our bread with toil and in patience. For the intervals of labor we have a school, where our little ones gain the rudiments of knowledge. Our only books of instruction, are the bible and prayer-book."

At a signal they rose and sang, when about departing to their separate abodes,—"Glory to God in the highest, and on earth, peace, and good will towards men." Never, by the pomp of measured melody, was my spirit so stirred within me, as when that rustic, yet tuneful choir, surrounding the white-haired father of them all, breathed out in their forest sanctuary, "thou, that takest away the sins of the *world*, have mercy upon *us*."

The following morning, I called on every family, and was delighted with the domestic order, economy, and concord, that prevailed. Careful improvement of time, and moderated desires, seemed uniformly to produce among them, the fruits of a blameless life and conversation. They conducted me to their school. Its teacher was a grand-daughter of the lay-reader. She possessed a sweet countenance, and gentle manners, and with characteristic simplicity, employed herself at the spinning-wheel, when not absorbed in the labors of instruction. Most of her pupils read intelligibly, and replied with readiness to questions from Scripture History. Writing and arithmetic were well exemplified by the elder ones; but those works of science, with which our libraries are so lavishly supplied, had not found their

way to this retreat. But among the learners was visible, what does not always distinguish better endowed seminaries; docility, subordination, and profound attention to every precept and illustration. Habits of application and a desire for knowledge were infused into all. So trained up were they in industry, that even the boys, in the intervals of their lessons, were busily engaged in the knitting of stockings for winter. To the simple monitions which I addressed to them, they reverently listened; and ere they received the parting blessing, rose, and repeated a few passages from the inspired volume, and lifted up their accordant voices, chanting, "blessed be the Lord God of Israel, for he hath visited and redeemed his people."

Whatever I beheld in this singular spot, served to awaken curiosity, or to interest feeling. All my inquiries were satisfied with the utmost frankness. Evidently, there was nothing which required concealment. The heartless theories of fashion, with their subterfuges and vices, had not penetrated to this hermetically sealed abode. The Patriarch, at his entrance upon his territory, had divided it into six equal portions, reserving one for himself, and bestowing another on each of his five sons. As the children of the colony advanced to maturity, they, with scarcely an exception, contracted marriages among each other, striking root, like the branches of the banian, around their parent tree. The domicile of every family was originally a rude cabin of logs,

serving simply the purpose of shelter. In front of this, a house of larger dimensions was commenced, and so constructed, that the ancient abode might become the kitchen, when the whole was completed. To the occupation of building they attended as they were able to command time and materials. "We keep it," said one of the colonists, for "*handy-work*, when there is no farming, or turpentine-gathering, or tar-making." Several abodes were at that time, in different stages of progress, marking the links of gradation between the rude cottage, and what they styled the "framed house." When finished, though devoid of architectural elegance, they exhibited capabilities of comfort, equal to the sober expectations of a primitive people. A field for corn, and a garden abounding with vegetables, were appendages to each habitation. Cows grazed quietly around, and sheep dotted like snow-flakes, the distant green pastures. The softer sex participated in the business of horticulture, and when necessary, in the labors of harvest, thus obtaining that vigor and muscular energy which distinguish the peasantry of Europe, from their effeminate sisters of the nobility and gentry. Each household produced or manufactured within its own domain, most of the materials which were essential to its comfort; and for such articles as their plantations could not supply, or their ingenuity construct, the pitch-pine was their medium of purchase. When the season arrived for collecting its hidden treasures, an aperture was made in its bark, and a box inserted, into which the turpentine

continually oozed. Care was required to preserve this orifice free from the induration of glutinous matter. Thus, it must be frequently reopened, or carried gradually upward on the trunk of the tree; sometimes, to such a height, that a small knife affixed to the extremity of a long pole, is used for that purpose. Large trees sustain several boxes at the same time, though it is required that the continuity of bark be preserved, or the tree, thus shedding its life-blood at the will of man, must perish. Though the laborers in this department are exceedingly industrious and vigilant, there will still be a considerable deposit adhering to the body of the tree. These portions, called "turpentine facings," are carefully separated, and laid in a cone-like form, until they attain the size of a formidable mound. This is covered with earth, and when the cool season commences, is ignited; and the liquid tar, flowing into a reservoir prepared for it, readily obtains a market among the dealers in naval stores.

Shall I be forgiven for such minuteness of detail? So strongly did this simple and interesting people excite my affectionate solicitude, that not even their slightest concerns seemed unworthy of attention. By merchants of the distant town, who were in habits of traffic with them, I was afterwards informed that they were distinguished for integrity and uprightness, and that the simple affirmation of these "Bible and Liturgy men," as they were styled, possessed the sacredness of an oath. The lay-reader remarked to me, that he had never known among

his people, a single instance of either intemperance or profanity.

"Our young men have no temptations, and the old set an uniformly sober example. Still, I cannot but think our freedom from vice is chiefly owing to a sense of religious obligation, cherished by God's blessing upon our humble worship."

"Are there no quarrels or strifes among you?"

"For what should we contend? We have no prospect of wealth, nor motive of ambition. We are too busy to dispute about words. Are not these the sources of most of the 'wars and fightings' among mankind? Beside, we are all of one blood. Seldom does any variance arise, which the force of brotherhood may not quell. Strict obedience is early taught in families. Children who learn thoroughly the Bible-lesson to obey and honor their parents, are not apt to be contentious in society, or irreverent to their Father in Heaven. Laws so simple would be inefficient in a mixed and turbulent community. Neither could they be effectual here, without the aid of that gospel which speaketh peace and prayer for His assistance, who "turneth the hearts of the disobedient to the wisdom of the just."

Is it surprising that I should take my leave, with an overflowing heart, of the pious Patriarch and his posterity?—that I should earnestly desire another opportunity of visiting their isolated domain?

Soon after this period, a circumstance took place, which they numbered among the most interesting eras of their history. A small chapel was erected

in the village nearest to their settlement. Though at the distance of many miles, they anticipated its completion with delight. At its consecration by the late Bishop Ravenscroft, as many of the colonists as found it possible to leave home, determined to be present. Few of the younger ones had ever entered a building set apart solely for the worship of God; and the days were anxiously counted, until they should receive permission to tread his courts.

The appointed period arrived. Just before the commencement of the sacred services of dedication, a procession of singular aspect was seen to wind along amid interposing shades. It consisted of persons of both sexes, and of every age, clad in a primitive style, and advancing with solemn order. I recognized my hermit friends, and hastened onward to meet them. Scarcely could the ancient Jews, when from distant regions they made pilgrimage to their glorious hill of Zion, have testified more touching emotion, than these guileless worshippers, in passing the threshold of this humble temple to Jehovah. When the sweet tones of a small organ, mingling with the voices of a select choir, gave "glory to the Father, to the Son, and to the Holy Ghost, as it was in the beginning, is now, and ever shall be, world without end," the young children of the forest started from their seats in wondering joy, while the changing color, or quivering lip of the elders, evinced that the hallowed music awoke the cherished echoes of memory.

But with what breathless attention did they hang on every word of Bishop Ravenscroft, as with his own peculiar combination of zeal and tenderness, he illustrated the inspired passage which he had chosen, or with a sudden rush of strong and stormy eloquence broke up the fountains of the soul! Listening and weeping, they gathered up the manna, which an audience satiated with the bread of heaven, and prodigal of angels' food, might have suffered to perish. With the hoary Patriarch, a throng of his descendants, who had been duly prepared for that holy vow and profession, knelt around the altar, in commemoration of their crucified Redeemer.

At the close of the communion service, when about to depart to his home, the white-haired man drew near to the Bishop. Gratitude for the high privileges in which he had participated; reverence for the father in God, whom he had that day for the first time beheld; conviction that his aged eyes could but a little longer look on the things of time; consciousness that he might scarcely expect again to stand amid these his children, to "behold the fair beauty of the Lord, and to inquire in his temple," overwhelmed his spirit. Pressing the hand of the Bishop, and raising his eyes heavenward, he said,—"Lord! now lettest thou thy servant depart in peace, for mine eyes have seen thy salvation."

Bishop Ravenscroft fixed on him one of those piercing glances which seemed to read the soul; and then tears, like large rain-drops stood upon his cheeks. Recovering from his emotion, he pronounced, with

affectionate dignity, the benediction, "the Lord bless thee and keep thee; the Lord make his face to shine upon thee, and be gracious unto thee; the Lord lift up his countenance upon thee, and give thee peace."

The Patriarch, bowing down a head, heavy with the snows of more than fourscore winters, breathed a thanksgiving to God, and turned homeward, followed by all his kindred. Summer had glided away ere it was in my power again to visit the "lodge in the wilderness." As I was taking in the autumn twilight my lonely walk for meditation, a boy of rustic appearance, approaching with hasty steps, accosted me.

"Our white-haired father, the father of us all, lies stretched upon his bed. He takes no bread or water, and he asks for you. Man of God, will you come to him?"

Scarcely had I signified assent, ere he vanished. With the light of the early morning, I commenced my journey. Autumn had infused chillness into the atmosphere, and somewhat of tender melancholy into the heart. Nature seems to regard with sadness the passing away of the glories of summer, and to robe herself as if for humiliation.

As the sun increased in power, more of cheerfulness overspread the landscape. The pines were busily disseminating their winged seeds. Like insects, with a floating motion, they spread around for miles. Large droves of swine made their repast upon this half ethereal food. How mindful is Nature of even her humblest pensioners!

As I approached the cluster of cottages, which now assumed the appearance of a village, the eldest

son advanced to meet me. His head declined like one struggling with a grief which he would fain subdue. Taking my hand in both of his, he raised it to his lips. Neither of us spoke a word. It was written clearly on his countenance, "Come quickly, ere he die."

Together we entered the apartment of the good Patriarch. One glance convinced me that he was not long to be of our company. His posterity were gathered around him in sorrow;

> "For drooping,—sickening,—dying, they began,
> Whom they ador'd as *God*, to mourn as *man*."

He was fearfully emaciated, but as I spake of the Saviour, who "went not up to joy, until he first suffered pain," his brow again lighted with the calmness of one, whose "way to eternal joy was to suffer with Christ, whose door to eternal life gladly to die with him."

Greatly comforted by prayer, he desired that the holy communion might be once more administered to him, and his children. There was a separation around his bed. Those who had been accustomed to partake with him, drew near, and knelt around the dying. Fixing his eye on the others, he said, with an energy of tone which we thought had forsaken him,—"*Will ye thus be divided, at the last day?*" A burst of wailing grief was the reply.

Never will that scene be effaced from my remembrance: the expressive features, and thrilling responses, of the Patriarch, into whose expiring body the soul returned with power, that it might leave this last testimony of faith and hope to those whom he

loved, are among the unfading imagery of my existence. The spirit seemed to rekindle more and more, in its last lingerings around the threshold of time. In a tone, whose clearness and emphasis surprised us, the departing saint breathed forth a blessing on those who surrounded him, in the "name of that God, whose peace passeth all understanding."

There was an interval, during which he seemed to slumber. Whispers of hope were heard around his couch, that he might wake and be refreshed. At length, his eyes slowly unclosed. They were glazed and deeply sunken in their sockets. Their glance was long and kind upon those who hung over his pillow. His lips moved, but not audibly. Bowing my ear more closely, I found that he was speaking of Him who is the "resurrection and the life." A slight shuddering passed over his frame, and he was at rest, for ever.

A voice of weeping arose from among the children, who had been summoned to the bed of death. Ere I had attempted consolation, the lay-reader with an unfaltering tone pronounced, "the Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away: *blessed be the name of the Lord.*"

Deep silence ensued. It seemed as if every heart was installing him who spake, in the place of the father and the governor who had departed. It was a spontaneous acknowledgment of the right of primogeniture, which no politician could condemn. He stood among them, in the simple majesty of his birthright, a ruler and priest to guide his people in the way everlasting. It was as if the mantle of an arisen

my servant whom I have chosen." Every eye fixed upon him its expression of fealty and love. Gradually the families retired to their respective habitations. Each individual paused at the pillow of the Patriarch, to take a silent farewell; and some of the little ones climbed up to kiss the marble face.

I was left alone with the lay-reader, and with the dead. The enthusiasm of the scene had fled, and the feelings of a son triumphed. Past years rushed like a tide over his memory. The distant, but undimmed impressions of infancy and childhood,—the planting of that once wild waste,—the changes of those years which had sprinkled his temples with gray hairs,—all, with their sorrows and their joys, came back, associated with the lifeless image of his beloved sire. In the bitterness of bereavement, he covered his face, and wept. That iron frame which had borne the hardening of more than half a century, shook, like the breast of an infant, when it sobs out its sorrows. I waited until the first shock of grief had subsided. Then, passing my arm gently within his, I repeated, "I heard a voice from heaven saying,—'Write, from henceforth, blessed are the dead, who die in the Lord.'" Instantly raising himself upright, he responded in a voice whose deep inflictions sank into my soul, "Even so, saith the spirit, for they rest from their labors, and their works do follow them."

I remained to attend the funeral obsequies of the Patriarch. In the heart of their territory was a shady dell, sacred to the dead. It was surrounded by a neat inclosure, and planted with trees. The

drooping branches of a willow, swept the grave of the mother of the colony. Near her, slumbered her youngest son. Several other mounds swelled around them, most of which, by their small size, told of the smitten flowers of infancy. To this goodly company, we bore him, who had been revered as the father and exemplar of all. With solemn steps, his descendants, two and two, followed the corpse. I heard a convulsive and suppressed breathing, among the more tender of the train; but when the burial-service commenced, all was hushed. And never have I more fully realized its surpassing pathos and power, than when from the centre of that deep solitude, on the brink of that waiting grave, it poured forth its consolation.

"Man, that is born of woman, hath but a short time to live, and is full of misery. He cometh up and is cut down like a flower. He fleeth as it were a shadow, and never continueth in one stay. In the midst of life, we are in death. Of whom may we seek succor but of thee, Oh Lord!—who for our sins art justly displeased? Yet, O Lord God most holy —O God most mighty,—O holy and most merciful Saviour, deliver us not into the bitter pains of eternal death. Thou knowest, Lord, the secrets of our hearts, shut not thy most merciful ears to our prayers, but spare us, O Lord most holy,—O God most mighty, —O holy and merciful Saviour,—suffer us not, at our last hour, for any pains of death to fall from thee."

Circumstances compelled me to leave this mourning community immediately after committing the dust of their pious ancestor to the earth. They ac

companied me to some distance on my journey, and our parting was with mutual tears. Turning to view them, as their forms mingled with the dark green of the forest, I heard the faint echo of a clear voice. It was the lay-reader, speaking of the hope of the resurrection: "If we believe that Christ died and rose again, even so them also, that sleep in Jesus, will God bring with him."

Full of thought, I pursued my homeward way. I inquired, is Devotion never encumbered, or impeded by the splendor that surrounds her? Amid the lofty cathedral,—the throng of rich-stoled worshippers,—the melody of the solemn organ,—does that incense never spend itself upon the earth, that should rise to heaven? On the very beauty and glory of its ordinances, may not the spirit proudly rest, and go more forth to the work of benevolence, nor spread its wing at the call of faith?

Yet surely, *there is a reality in religion*, though man may foolishly cheat himself with the shadow. Here I have beheld it in simplicity, disrobed of "all pomp and circumstance," yet with power to soothe the passions into harmony, to maintain the virtues in daily and vigorous exercise, and to give victory to the soul, when death vanquishes the body. So, I took the lesson to my heart, and when it has languished or grown cold, I have warmed it by the remembrance of the ever-living faith, of those "few sheep in the wilderness."

THE END.

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